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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Behind The Riot

LOOSE talk by demagogues, reckless of the truth so long as their personal profit could be served, has flowered in a riot at Drummondville, Que. Only the coolness of the police under stress prevented open battle and fatalities.

Free speech within reason is permitted in this country. But free action countering the Law cannot be tolerated in any country. Whether the Law is approved or not does not enter into the question. Even if it were clearly unjust, which it is not, the duty of the citizen is to obey it under protest, and strive legally for its amendment or abrogation.

The moment violence begins privileges of the individual end. The duty of government is to govern. If police are under orders to carry out the law they should be supported to the last limit against all disorderly elements. Otherwise government is contemptible.

The Toronto *Star* denies that the Drummondville riot was "an outburst against the Canadian Government's vacillating conscription policy," as it had been termed by one of the injured reporters; the *Star* says it was an outburst against conscription, by whomever imposed and in whatever manner.

No doubt it was, under the immediate circumstances. But it was also the product and result of vacillation by governments of Canada over at least the last three decades. For this trouble showed itself in acute degree in the last war, and it has never been grappled with since then. It has simply been ignored. On this truly fundamental issue, Canada emulated the ostrich, with results now all too plain.

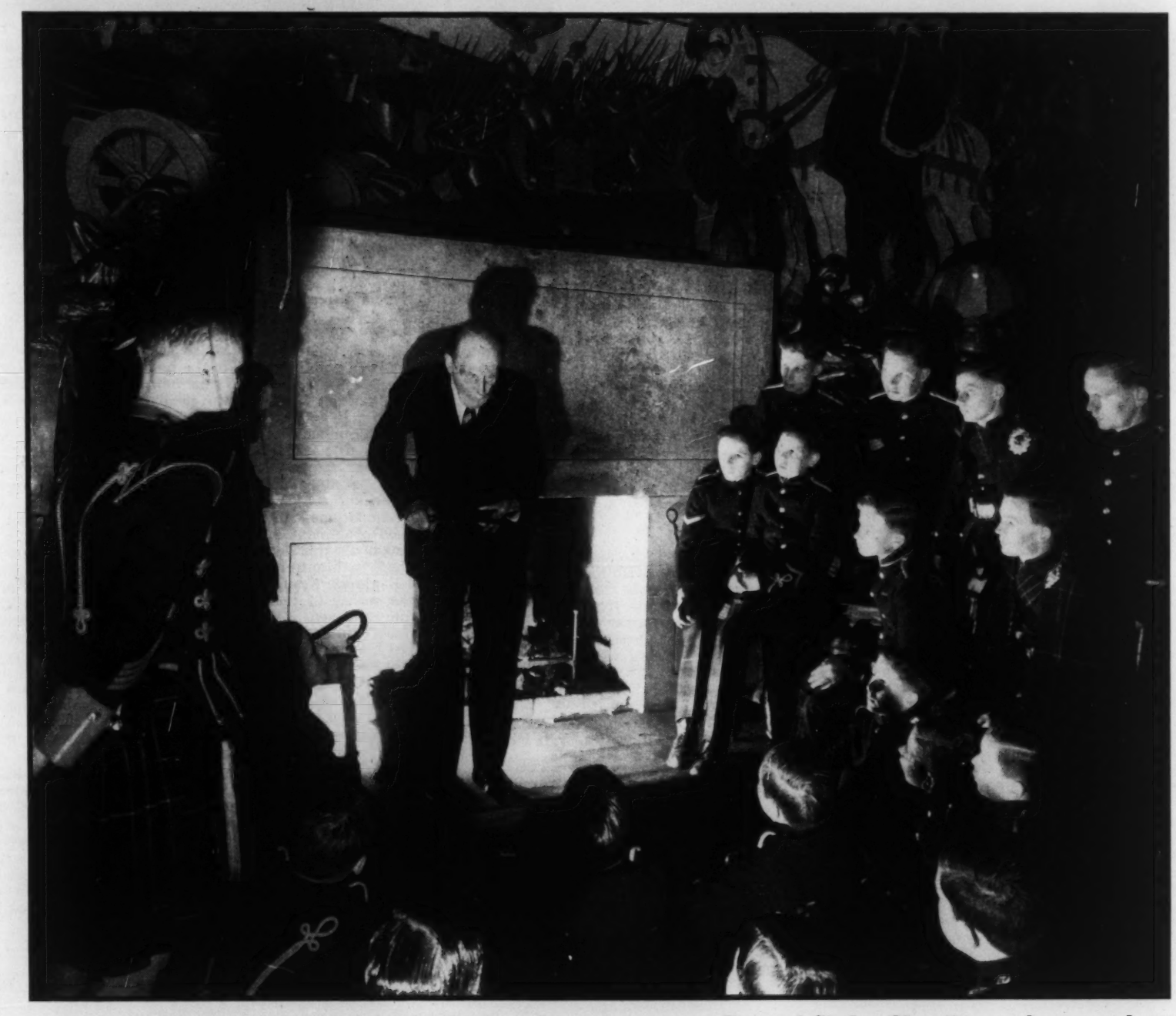
The time to win the people of Quebec to a different way of thinking about their province's place and responsibilities in Confederation was between the wars, or rather immediately after the last one in which French Canadian feelings had been made so evident. But instead of attempting this, successive governments at Ottawa were ruled by considerations of what was politically best for the party in power. Even after the beginning of World War II, Mr. King solemnly promised Quebec that his government would never impose conscription, an undertaking he had no right to enter into, since obviously he should have left himself free to take whatever action the future needs of the country might require.

If a number of men make poor soldiers, the fault is almost certainly not in the men themselves but in the system of turning them into soldiers. This paper has always felt that the trouble with the N.R.M.A. personnel was the logical result of government policy, or rather of no real policy.

Defiance of the law cannot, of course, be condoned. But before condemning the lawbreakers of Drummondville, English-speaking Canadians might well search their hearts and ask themselves to what extent their own pusillanimity has contributed to creating this situation.

Government in a Hurry

PATIENCE is a great political asset and a lack of it is, we would say, the main reason why the Douglas Government in Saskatchewan has not so far made any substantial contribution to C.C.F. strength across Canada. The apparent policy of the Government has been to first get things done and let the consequences take care of themselves. In several cases so far it has, as a result, left the impression of rashness. At no step in the seed debt dispute has it had what appeared to be a well-developed case. The Industrial Development Bond issue has had to an extent the very dangerous political stigma of failure. Both cases have left the impression that the Douglas Government is not willing, or able, to give proper consideration to administrative matters.



A group of Britain's future defenders displays keen interest as General Sir Ian Hamilton, who served 45 years as a leader of Britain's fighting men in many lands and many campaigns, shows them an ancient weapon, used by one of his ancestors in the Battle of Drumclog, fought in 1679. More, on page three.

There is an indication, however, that this impatience is based on something more fundamental than momentary anxiety to get things done. A recent issue in Saskatchewan, which has been little discussed outside the Province as yet but which holds prospective importance, suggests that impatience may be an integral part of the Douglas Government's temperament.

The issue concerned is the school unit question. Since taking office the Saskatchewan government has followed the lead of other provinces and instituted a plan for larger school units. This is accepted as essential in a modernized educational system and there is no criticism of adopting the measure. But in those Provinces which have adopted it, it has proven a most delicate administrative step as the larger unit in consolidating small school districts eliminates a number of small school boards and involves the transfer of funds to the larger districts.

All provinces in putting in this system have gone very slowly. The policy has been to have the local districts voluntarily adopt the plan with the provincial authorities providing only the lead in organization. It has been a trying procedure and has involved a great deal of educational and sales work on the part of provincial authorities but in view of local rights it has been considered the only practice that could be followed.

Saskatchewan, however, has taken another course. It has instituted its system by government order. Units have been formed by order of the Minister of Education with local boards told to turn over their funds to the larger unit. The justification, of course, is speed; the Government is hopeful of having the whole province organized by the end of the year. But it is doubtful if this justification carries much weight in defense of the intrusion. The other provinces, relatively, have been slow in getting the unit system into effect but they have shown that it is quite practical to follow the traditional methods.

In Saskatchewan there has been much feeling against the Government's action but prospective repercussions go far beyond the Province and should cause some dissension within the Party itself. The C.C.F. is well aware of the political danger of interference with local rights. In Ontario the Party's strongest stands in the Legislature have been in defence of local interest. Representatives in other Provinces have taken the same stand. That their first government to come in power ignores the precept of local determination should prove embarrassing on the hustings.

The Younger Voices

IT is apparent that when the federal election campaign opens a few weeks hence the cause of the King administration will be fought largely by younger Liberal members who have come prominently into the public eye comparatively recently. The "old guard" while efficient in some departments has not been notably rich in oratorical ability. Until last Autumn it boasted two members of the highest skill in forensic utterance in Col. J. L. Ralston and Hon. Mr. St. Laurent; but Col. Ralston is now in retirement, and the Minister of Justice is unlikely to make many platform appearances outside his own province.

Mr. King has, however, been creating a reserve of younger warriors who are likely to give a pretty good account of themselves in the battle to come. Three of them have lately made addresses of campaign import; Paul Martin, M.P. Parliamentary Assistant to the Minister of Labor; Douglas Abbott, M.P., Parliamentary Assistant to the Minister of Fin-

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NAME IN THE NEWS

Canada's Liaison Man in Shipping Came from England Via Russia

By COROLYN COX

IN the milling, sometimes confusing, "Battle of Washington" one of those Canadians doing special jobs for us who have stood out for their competence and effectiveness is Albert Leslie Lawes. He represents The Canadian Shipping Board.

Lawes is a salty product of the Old Country, tough and humorous, cultured, and above all energetic. Son of a commercial traveller, he was born where shipping gets into your blood early—in Liverpool, 48 years ago. He went through Board school and earned scholarships to Liverpool Institute, took to languages, chemistry and physics. After that he was apprenticed to Bahr-Behrend, Ship Brokers, worked all day, and attended night school. He was to be paid a hundred pounds for five years. But he only stayed two.

Aiming to better himself, he went to the Canadian Pacific Railways office in Liverpool in 1913, and got ten shillings a week pay. The next year he sold soap for his father, called on the hucksters and little grocers, broadened his knowledge of men, but still his earnings did not exceed 20 shillings. When war came he tried to join Kitchener's Pals, but was prevented, as under age, by his father. However, while he continued thereafter to sell soap, he volunteered to load ships for Russia by night. Through this contact, he was asked by R. Martens and Co., agents of the Russian Admiralty, to go on a shipping mission to Russia for a month. He stayed five years!

In Russia he saw plenty of excitement and carried plenty of responsibility. The firm of Martens opened an office in Archangel and Lawes became second-in-command at the age of 19. Late in 1915, a London director, W. A. H. Hulton, came out to take charge of this office and took a fancy to young Lawes. This contact ultimately shaped his life career.

At 21 he was the Agent of the British Admiralty in Murmansk, was in that city when the Revolution broke. Chaos ensued, and Kerensky looked to the Allies like the last hope to keep Russia in the war. Lawes felt the Kerensky episode did at least serve to lock up a lot of German forces for some time. When the Allied Intervention tried to "liberate" Archangel in 1918, Lawes saw the Bolsheviks thrown out and later, in 1919, saw them turn the tables.

He was advised at the time of the landing of Allied forces to go to the country, and sheltered in the house of an "old Believer". In this period of truly remote existence, he didn't know what was going on in the world. When he emerged some days later to find our side had won, he returned to Archangel and took a commission in the Royal Navy.

During these exciting times he married a Russian girl and acquired Russian as a second language. He came back to England as a Naval Transport Officer on the last ship out from Archangel.

Demobilized and looking for a job, Lawes took on a salvage trip to the Baltic Sea to inspect sunken wrecks for All Seas Marine Salvage Co., concluded good time and money would be wasted trying to get the stuff up off the bottom and advised his firm to bring him home.

Back again in Liverpool, he called on his old friend, W. A. H. Hulton, and was given a job in London. It was a technical post, another side of shipping; good experience, but Lawes by 1921 was thoroughly tired of it. He persuaded Hulton to send him to Spain, lived at San Sebastian, a spot he found was beautiful, but dead from a business angle. So he asked to be transferred to Bilbao, a real shipping centre where he had to compete with well-established British shipping agents.

A Spanish Racket

When he next returned to London he had a retaining fee from Hulton but no real job and spent some time translating nautical documents from Spanish into English in connection with the investigation of a "racket" in which Spanish ship owners were accused of deliberately throwing away ships for the insurance. Eventually, Mr. Hulton introduced him to Philip Runciman, who hired him to manage the Southampton office of United States Lines. He held this post from 1923 to 1925, a period that saw the "Leviathan" proclaimed the largest ocean liner afloat, and celebrities from the four corners of the world passed through his hands.

In 1925 Lawes joined forces permanently with Mr. Hulton and came out to Montreal to found the Montreal Shipping Company; with Hulton as President, residing in England, and Lawes as Vice-President and General Manager, on the spot in Montreal. Lawes has built up this firm into one of the largest and most successful shipping companies in Canada, and when Mr. Hulton died several years ago, he was able to acquire control and is now President of the firm. His younger brother as Vice-President is currently managing the business while Lawes does his war job.

Annual visits to Britain and Western Europe from 1927 to 1940, including trips to Moscow in 1936 and 1937, gave him opportunities to meet diplomats, shipowners and newspaper men in most of Europe's capitals, and he made himself unpopular by predicting Hitler's aggression and suggesting something should be done about it.

"Blizzard of '44", by Eugene L. Bryan, one of the paintings hung in the recent exhibition of the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Color, at the Art Gallery of Toronto, is certain to produce many lively, if not altogether pleasant associations in the minds of Torontonians.

Albert Leslie Lawes
—Photo by Karsh.

The Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, was erecting a grain elevator for the Dominion Government up in Churchill when Leslie Lawes first ran into him. In 1939, he was one of the first Canadian business men to offer his services to the Government as a dollar-a-year man.

His first war job was to make recommendations regarding compensation for vessels requisitioned for war purposes by the Department of Transport, and as soon as this job was done he returned to Montreal. In 1940 he visited England, France and Italy, and in the spring of 1941 made a tour of South America. On his return, A. L. W. MacCallum, Director of Shipping, asked him to become Technical Adviser to The Canadian Shipping Board. He has given full time to the Board ever since.

Shipping Commandeered

In Great Britain the Ministry of War Transport commandeered every British merchantman afloat. Here, the Canadian Shipping Board made all vessels down to 100 gross tons, including inland navigation boats, subject to the Board's direction and control by means of licences. All charters required the Board's approval.

After Pearl Harbor, the U.S. set up the War Shipping Administration, which took over all U.S. tonnage. In the course of coordinating the United Nations war effort, the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board in Washington came virtually to control all world shipping, outside of Axis-owned vessels. Leslie Lawes was sent down to Washington in September, 1941, to act as liaison officer between the Canadian Board and the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board, and in general to represent the Board in the U.S. Capital.

The United Maritime Authority, set up last summer by the United Nations to deal with shipping facilities during the final phases of the war, should furnish a forum to consider the basis on which future international shipping agreement may be reached. Leslie Lawes represents Canada on Committees of the Washington Branch of the United Maritime Executive Board.

The U.S.S.R., says Lawes from his long Russian experience, is crudely honest in politics, as realistic as a child. Whether or not we agree with their aims, we should recognize that they keep their word. Among our after-the-war worries, he puts communism at the bottom of the list, unless we revert to dealing with labor as a market commodity.

Leslie Lawes has been active in the community life of his adopted country, has served his turn as President of the Montreal Sailors' Institute, on the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade, the Executive of the Shipping Federation of Canada, Navy League (Quebec Division) and as Chairman of the Montreal branch of the Institute of International affairs. He is a fellow of the Institute of Chartered Shipbrokers of the United Kingdom, and is a member of a number of societies specializing in Foreign Affairs.

Lawes is a strong advocate of collaboration between Business and Government and considers rugged individualism as dead as the dodo.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Health and Wealth May Not Go Together; See Saskatchewan

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN your paragraph headed "Doctors and Provinces" (Jan. 20) you say: "A Saskatchewan child ought to have the same chance of a healthy life as an Ontario one." Of course it should. Actually the Saskatchewan child has an expectation of life several years greater than that of an Ontario child. It is the child living in Quebec, the third wealthiest Province and the Province with the third largest medical staff in proportion to population, which has the least expectation of life among Canadian children.

Both the recent Liberal Government and the present C.C.F. Government in Saskatchewan have made praiseworthy efforts to improve medical services in that Province. It is to be hoped that these efforts will in time be successful. The Saskatchewan people should, if possible, be as well served medically as those of Ontario.

But we in Ontario should resolve that an Ontario child should have the same chance of a healthy life as a Saskatchewan one; a chance which at present he does not enjoy. We should resolve that the infant death rate in Toronto should be brought down to within hailing distance, at least, of that in the much poorer cities, Saskatoon and Regina.

Saskatchewan is undoubtedly the poorest, in available resources per capita, of the Canadian Provinces. But it is several degrees from the poorest in actual production. And its people are noticeably superior to those of the other Provinces in political and economic gumption. (Please do not think I rate the recent election among the evidences of this.) So we have the paradox, that the Province with the least in the way of natural advantages, a Province with a climate as severe and hard on the human constitution as any, has the best living conditions among the masses and in consequence a materially lower death rate than any other.

Toronto, Ont. ERNEST J. FARMER

Questions for Millers

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE article "But Canada Approved Flour Isn't Approved" which appeared in the issue of Jan. 13, invites me to a course of questions.

Has Canada been given a fair opportunity to approve or disapprove this flour? Do the millers *want* to sell this flour? Would they prefer the process which is used in the United States? Is the profit margin in handling this flour as high as the profit margin in handling other flours? I ask because I have never seen a 24 lb. bag of this flour for sale.

Recently when I tried to buy some of the flour I could not find a store carrying it, because "there is very little demand for the large bag". A representative of one of the milling companies, was good enough personally to deliver a bag to a merchant for delivery to me.

In our home the flour is used as an all-purpose flour; with the exception of the first bag used (about two years ago) there is very little evidence of any change of color in the products, bread, cake, pastry.

I believe it is most important that this flour be widely used; as yet I don't think it has been given a fair chance.

Bedford, N.S. C. H. CHIPMAN.

Journalism and Classics

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

NO JOURNALIST is now expected to quote the classics. In your admirable Front Page of Feb. 3 you state that "many centuries ago Pliny penned an immortal sentence 'Out of Africa, always something new'." Pliny the Elder—there are two Plinys, both famous—never penned the phrase: he quotes it (*Nat. Hist.* viii, 42) as a well-known Greek proverb. Some four centuries earlier Aristotle quotes it twice as a familiar saying (*Hist. Animal.* viii, 28, p.606 l. 20, and *De Gener. Animal.* ii, 7, p.746 l. 7). It also occurs in some verses of Anaxilas, a comic poet of the IVth cent. B.C., quoted by Athenaeus (*Deipn.* xiv, p. 623 e). Greek proverbial philosophy is a good deal older than either the first century A.D. or the fourth century B.C. In the present state of education, however, I should, I suppose, be grateful to any writer who shows that he has at least heard of Pliny, whether Elder or Younger; as for Greek, we are rapidly returning to the Middle Ages, *Graecum est, non legitur.*

Port Hope, R.R. 2 GILBERT BAGNANI

Appreciation

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I AM one of your subscribers that seldom thinks of writing and expressing an opinion, and I find that I have quite a few friends reading SATURDAY NIGHT that are in the same category.

I had been so impressed with the breadth and variety of information and opinions which have been given to us by SATURDAY NIGHT during the last two years that I have cancelled subscriptions to three American publications. I feel that, generally speaking, the American editorials lack broad values, and are colored for U.S. opinion only.

I thought the article of J. Howson in a recent issue gave the most sensible interpretation of "Free Enterprise" I have yet read. Mr. O'Hearn's article recently on a Provincial member, MacLeod, also gave us a new slant on the Labor Progressive Party and its men. I enjoyed the articles by Raymond Davies, and hope we hear again from him.

This country is not afraid of new ideas, and these articles written by Canadians with freedom to express their opinions is the kind of leadership we need, and will be of most benefit to us.

Toronto, Ont. E. H. TURNER

Bow for a Bouquet

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I LIKE SATURDAY NIGHT—I've been taking it a long time. The editorials and Willson Woodside are my favorite features. Mr. Woodside must feel complimented by a knowledge of the character of his critics and enemies. His friends and admirers may not be so vocal but they are more numerous and intelligent.

Seaforth, Ont. (REV.) T. P. HUSSEY

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The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

ance; and Hon. Brooke Claxton, the new Minister of Welfare and Health.

Mr. Martin, perhaps the ablest speaker among the younger men in the House of Commons, has recently returned from London where he served as Canadian delegate to the International Labor Organization Conference, and visited our forces on the Western front. He gave an indication of the appeal his party will make when he said, "Canada's fighting men are not part of our current sectional misunderstandings and trivial political squabbles. They present for our emulation a front of unity and common purpose." With the aims of all political parties at the present time high employment and social security, Liberal policy, he said, would aim to permit as much freedom as possible; and regarded stimulus rather than control as the predominant need of the postwar period.

He held that we have enough technical knowledge, organizing ability and courage to respond to the awakening of social conscience, and called for a realization that poverty anywhere constitutes a danger to prosperity everywhere.

Mr. Abbott spoke frankly as a Liberal party politician. Experienced people will agree with him that more stress should be laid on the uses rather than the abuses of the parliamentary system. He emphasized the evils which had been wrought in Europe by multiplicity of parties inevitably ending in dictatorships

Hon. Brooke Claxton in speeches at Halifax and elsewhere has announced that the Government aims to provide Canadians with something more than a million jobs after the war. It proposes to do this by using the creative skills developed during the war in developing the natural resources of this country. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Mr. Claxton is on sound ground in saying that the success of such efforts depends on maintaining a high peak of purchasing power in this country,—on which in turn high wages are contingent.

Once a Jap . . . ?

REVOCATION of U.S. army orders, which shortly after Pearl Harbor excluded persons of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast, sees American-Japanese returning to their former homes in the Pacific Coast states and resuming their previous occupations, even the once highly-suspected one of fishing in coastal waters. Canadian Japanese opinion (expressed in the Jap-Canadian paper, published in Kaslo, B.C.) that "racial antagonism is far more extreme on the B.C. coast than in the American States" is therefore understandable, although British Columbians might retort quite reasonably that the Japanese in Canada have never really been removed from the West Coast, since 15,832, or 71 per cent of Canada's original Japanese population still remains in British Columbia—only about 29 per cent having been redistributed in the other provinces.

Yet the Japanese problem in Canada is one that could be resolved very easily, if it were analyzed without prejudice and if responsibility for two extremely simple and straightforward measures were accepted equally by all of the provinces of the Dominion. First, let's forget the stupid old rabble-rousing cry: "Once a Jap, always a Jap", which to our shame was raised as loudly in Forest Hill, Ontario, as by the most rabid anti-Japanese in British Columbia. Anyone seeing and knowing the younger generation of Canadian Japanese must realize how thoroughly and obviously Canadian they are in outlook. There is no doubt of their being assimilated, and if no more are admitted to Canada, little likelihood of any future alien problem.

But, even more important, we must be prepared to admit honestly that antagonism to them in every province in Canada, is basically an economic one, the fear that the Jap will drive the white man out of business or out of a job. In B.C., where the entire population approximates that of Toronto, the fear is perhaps a justifiable one. There the proportion of Japanese to whites is considerably higher than in the American Pacific Coast states and the element of economic competition is a most serious one. But if we are prepared to compensate the Japanese, not only for property losses but for those expenses incidental to re-establishing themselves anew in other parts of Canada, there is no reason why this economic disproportion of Japanese in B.C. should not be corrected—and corrected without creating any economic upset in the other provinces, if the Japanese are proportionally redistributed. (More than half of those shifted from their prewar homes are now self-supporting.)

This is the first step. But the problem will certainly not be resolved, if immediately the other provinces proceed by law to discriminate against them. For the truth is—the reason American-born Japanese have fared better than their Canadian compatriots lies in the fact that birth in the United States entitles them to citizenship, with all the rights of citizenship guaranteed them. Mayor Fletcher Bowron of Los Angeles, in greeting returned Japanese-American soldiers, who as citizens have been fighting with American armies in Italy said: "Our citizens, *whatever their origin*, are Americans working together in a common effort . . . we want you to join with us in our united effort for victory."

Canada, with its traditions of British fair-play cannot afford to do less. The surprising thing is that Canadians have not done anything sooner about the whole matter. Yet a poll taken by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion showed that 41 per cent of those interviewed were satisfied to have all loyal Japanese remain in Canada, while another 18 per cent felt that certainly the Canadian-born Japanese should remain. Of these two groups (totalling 58 per cent), 42 per cent favored permitting Japanese-Canadians to vote in Dominion elections; 12 per cent voted no; and 8 per cent were undecided. Perhaps the politicians of Canada, in passing Bill 135, denying the franchise to Japanese who did not exercise it before 1938, don't judge the mood and temper of Canadians as well as they may think they do!

ECHOES OF THE PAST —*Copyright in all Countries.*

Sir Ian Hamilton

SIR IAN HAMILTON, pictured on page 1 as he celebrated his 92nd birthday by entertaining boys from the Gordon Boys' School at his home in London, is a living record of England's military history, wearing as he does decorations won in campaigns almost too numerous to list—the early Afghan Wars in 1878; the Nile Expedition (1884); campaigns in Burma and India, where he headed the Chitral relief force (1895); in South Africa against the Boers (1899-1901), when his name was associated with the defence of Ladysmith, Waggon Hill, Diamond Hill, etc.; in Manchuria; and finally in 1915 as Commander of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force in the heroic but ill-fated Gallipoli campaign.

Resentment in England over the disaster was so intense that everyone connected with it in a responsible capacity fell into disfavor. Winston Churchill, who had sponsored it, resigned from the cabinet. Sir Hamilton was relieved of his command, although later opinion was that the strategical conception of the Gallipoli campaign was not only sound but brilliant, but that the forces required for its success were not forthcoming.

Sir Ian Hamilton could write an eye-witness account of England's wars in the last 70 years. He is quite capable of the writing part of it, too, for he has authored books on many subjects from "Gallipoli Diary," "Fighting of the Future" to "When I Was a Boy", written as recently as 1939.

A Great Contribution

LAST week the press paid considerable attention to the interesting details of the life of the late Mr. Justice Riddell, eminent Jurist of the Supreme Court of Ontario who died on February 18. Mr. Justice Riddell was distinguished in many fields. A graduate in Arts of Victoria College he qualified in the field of engineering with a degree of Bachelor of Science as well as in Law. He was a teacher of mathematics in Ottawa. He also made many and varied contributions in the field of literature and wrote of a wide variety of subjects.

A phase of his full life, to which perhaps too little attention has been paid, was his interest in things medical. He actually took three years of medicine and retained his interest in the subject during his whole life. This perhaps partially explained his continued interest in the affairs of the Health League of Canada. He was elected President of the League for the 25th successive year only in November, at the age of 92.

First chosen at a nation-wide conference convened at Ottawa under the presidency of the late Hon. N. W. Rowell, who became Canada's first Minister of Health, Mr. Justice Riddell saw health as a great Canadian objective. Elected to office he spoke and wrote with enthusiasm for the cause of health for many years. His translation of the works of Hieronymus Fracastorius, the Florentine Poet, who coined the word Syphilis as a name for the sinister disease now recognized as one of the greatest problems of international health was dedicated to the workers of the organization of which he was President for so many years.

Appropriately enough the eminent jurist urged with all the prestige of his position and his legal reputation that the Dominion had a serious responsibility in this field with which no argument for Provincial rights should be allowed to interfere. Life and health were, in his opinion, matters of importance to every Canadian. The British North America Act he repeatedly said confirmed the right of the Dominion to lead in a field which was basic to the social and economic progress of the whole country.

His legal opinion was in accord with his personal sentiments. Doubtless the many honors which he received in many parts of the world were a recognition not only of his eminence in his chosen field of law but also of his great qualities as a citizen and patriot.

The Passing Show

DEAN Virginia Gildersleeve, the only woman delegate to the forthcoming United Nations conference at San Francisco declares that Hitler should spend the rest of his days on a remote island in the Pacific. It is not our idea of justice that this fellow should be one of the few likely to enjoy the peace.

•

The greatest military problem of the German High Command is that whichever front they retreat from, they can't help barging into another.

•

Canadians entering Goch caught the German commander and his staff in their nightgowns. The Huns had evidently retired—but not far enough.

•

Goebbels has suspended publication of his own newspaper, Der Angriff. He has apparently decided that the only good news left is no news.

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FUTURE OF GERMANY
IN NUTSHELL

—Headline in Christian Science Monitor.
That's about the size of it.

•

"In anticipation of V Day, Argentina is doing her darndest to climb on the Allied band-wagon," writes a Buenos Aires correspondent. She blows her own trumpet, but doesn't hit on the right note.

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Glasgow grave diggers have gone on strike in protest against a 25 cent weekly raise which they say is insufficient. For another nickel they were prepared to bury their differences.

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The price of eggs in Chunking is now $24 apiece. If poached they come cheaper.

•

"By exercise, you can change your figure to fit your new frock" writes a fashion editor. Before beginning the treatment, however, it is advisable to remove the figure from the frock.

•

Artillery Blues

The sapper, mining in the dark
  Beneath a pile of shell
Produces an electric spark
  And blows it all to—smithereens.

The sniper in a shady tree
  Depends upon his eye,
And if the foe should break and flee
  He knows the reason why.

The infantry, efficient folk
  Straightforward, tough and grim
Walk boldly to the Hun and poke
  A bayonet into him.

But I, the gunner, cannot kill
  Unless I get a slate
Sin x, Cos y, for good or ill,
  I have to calculate.

If six degrees and ninety yards
  Are data we can use,
The perfect gunner then regards
  The fool hypotenuse.

These are the weapons we command
  In the artillery
Surds, Logarithmic Tables, and
  Plane Trigonometry.

J. E. M.

•

"Mother-in-law—Heaven or Hell?" was the subject of an intercollegiate debate in Montreal recently. We think the chairman showed bias when he described it as a burning question.

•

A husband appeared in a New York police court recently charged with slapping his wife's face with a 5-lb. steak she had just purchased. He certainly gave her a raw deal.

•

Hon. Brooke Claxton predicts that we will have simpler taxation soon. And with an election coming Mr. Claxton's may be a lot simpler.

•

Premier Garson is being mentioned as a successor to Mr. King. More obvious heirs apparently cooled off in the draft.

•

The Crimea Conference has taken precautions that other liberated nations won't be as far apart as the Poles.

•

The C.C.F. is against the transferable vote. It isn't C.C.F. fashion to have two minds about anything.

Well-Known Faces in the Washington Scene

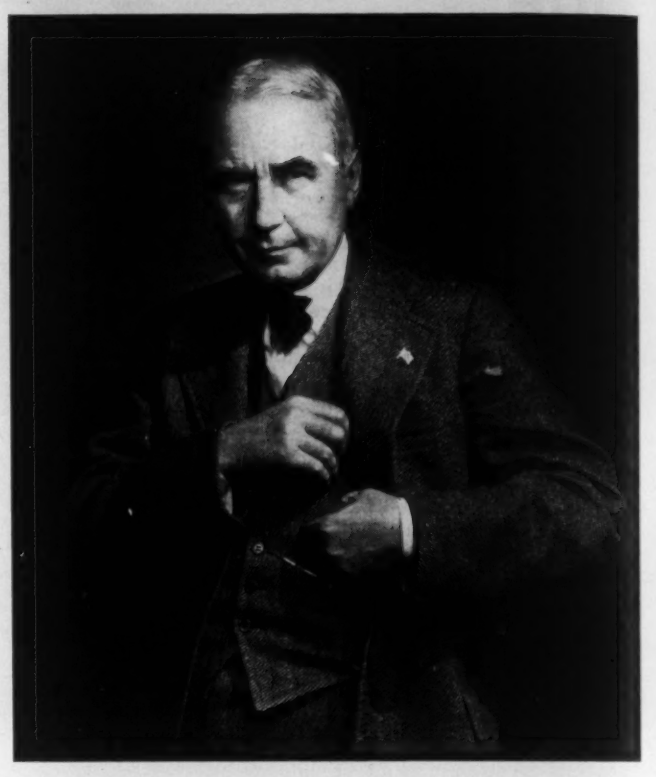
Photos by Karsh

J. Edgar Hoover, Director, U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation, won greatest fame rounding up Nazi spies.

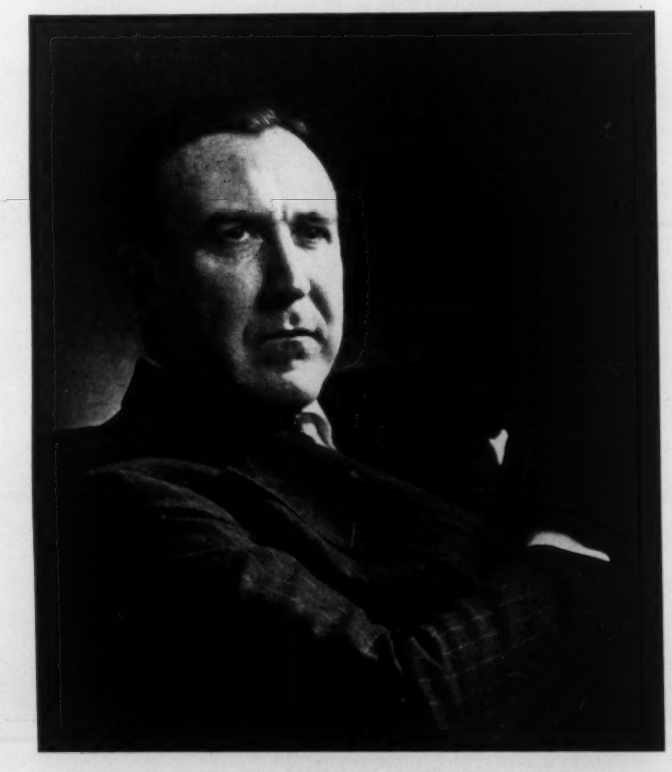
ALL-AROUND newspaper man and former radio news commentator, Elmer Davis, who heads the U.S. Office of War Informaton, defines his job as that of "giving the American public as quickly as possible as much of the news as possible." Hoosier-born, Davis, as most of his radio listeners will attest, survived three years at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar with American accent and outlook unimpaired. He began his newspaper career as a reporter with the New York *Times*, became an editorial writer and spent altogether ten years on the *Times* staff. In addition he has written essays, history and light fiction and done them all very well. As a radio commentator he concentrated on providing the facts and never interpreted, colored or predicted, thereby gaining an enviable reputation for accuracy, integrity and judgment. Restrictions of policy in connection with news censorship, have at times made Mr. Davis the centre of hot controversy, but no one has ever questioned his overall qualifications for his post.

Ask the average American or Canadian boy (under twelve) his ambition, and the answer is quite likely to be: "A G-man like J. Edgar Hoover." The man responsible for "glorifying" law enforcement officers in the eyes of contemporary youth, has been Director of the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation since the age of 29. Failure to catch a fly ball in a school boy match, and not an encounter with gangsters, accounts for his flattened nose, but don't ask the average youngster to believe that. For J. Edgar Hoover by making the F.B.I. the terror of gangsters, racketeers and latterly, Nazi spies and saboteurs, has captured youthful imaginations; hence his reputation as a gangbuster far outweighs, in their eyes at least, the fact that he is an LL.B and LL.M and has honorary law and science degrees from 14 colleges.

U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard took his hand from the plow, not to gird on his sword like Cincinnatus, but to organize American agriculture to feed the United States and Great Britain for the duration of the war. Because he is a farmer himself (his family has cultivated the same 380 acres of Indiana farm land for 100 years) he has made a notable success of tieing the U.S. farmer tightly into the international war economy by producing vitamins and fats—pork, beef, milk, eggs, cheese, butter, tomatoes, beans, instead of wheat. It took a practical farmer to achieve this.



Elmer Davis, U.S. Director, Office of War Information, sets bounds upon what the press can print in wartime.



Chester Bowles, General Manager, Office of Price Administration, keeps the lid on U.S. price ceilings.

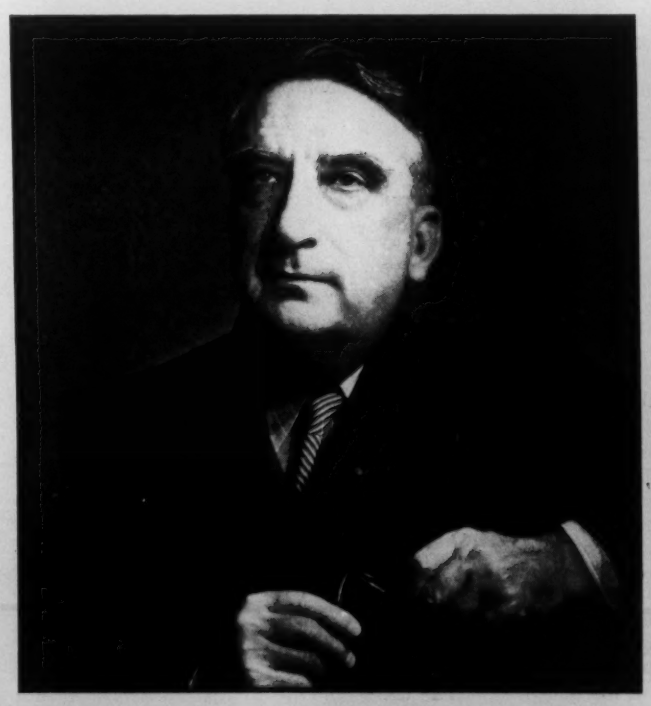
"TROUBLE, here I come," is the slogan of William H. Davis, Chairman of the U.S. War Labor Board, whose job is to flush out "existing, imminent or threatened" labor disputes and to bring about voluntary and amicable adjustment before such differences reach the strike stage. Lawyer Davis's skill as a trouble-shooter is attested by the praise he has received from employers and employees alike.

Another lawyer, Fred M. Vinson, is Director and Chairman of the U.S. Economic Stabilization Board. Born in Kentucky, his second home is Washington, for he has been continuously elected to Congress since 1923.

Congressman Sol Bloom, Democratic Representative of New York State and Chairman of the House's Foreign Affairs Committee, is a versatile person, who has been successively in newspaper work, the theatrical and music publishing business and latterly, after his removal from California to New York, in real estate and construction. Many know him as a Director and U.S. Commissioner, New York World's Fair.

Chester Bowles's appointment as General Manager, Office of Price Administration, in 1943 came about as the result of earlier experience in charge of Connecticut's State Rationing Administration and its Office of Price Administration.

William H. Davis, Chairman, National War Labor Board, is Government's "trouble-shooter" in industrial field.



Fred M. Vinson, former associate justice, U.S. Court of Appeals, is Director of the Economic Stabilization Board.

Congressman Sol Bloom, Democratic Representative, New York State, and Chairman, Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Claude R. Wickard became United States Secretary of Agriculture in 1941, when he succeeded Henry Wallace.

Can Lusty Nationalism Foster Best in Art?

By GRAHAM McINNES

Canada stands on the threshold of a period of intense and potentially rich national development, says Mr. McInnes, but it does not follow that its best art will interpret or even reflect these trends. Pictures inspired by the war will be valuable for their documentation, but should Canada produce any great art, its Canadianism will emerge only as a by-product of its creative strength. Like the paintings shown here, it will speak strongly and directly with the international voice of the true artist.

AMONG the many problems that bedevil the critic, the toughest is that of trying to distinguish myth from reality. Amid the babel of opinionated tongues, he must attempt to separate the voice of the philosopher from that of the evangelist. And since the frail human organism is more susceptible to emotion than to reason, the evangelist is usually the more seductive of the two. One of the more seductive voices raised at the moment is that of the critic who disguises what might be termed visceral thinking behind the cloak of economic determinism. He asks us to believe, because a nation happens to be marching toward its own particular brand of manifest destiny, that by some strange alchemy it necessarily produces great art.

It is important to examine this thesis, because it is generally recognized that Canada is now passing through a period of intense physical and emotional upheaval. Her industrial strength is enormous; the exploits of her armed forces have given her a new pride; she is conscious of her strategic position astride the global air routes of tomorrow; she has the admiration of many nations because of her dualist make-up and because she has no particular imperialistic axe to grind. She is now in the mood and has the potential belatedly to realize Laurier's optimistic prediction that the 20th century belongs to her. This may be so: but she can put the 20th century in her pocket and still produce second rate art.

Evidence of History

For history shows that art has flourished, with a most notable disregard for politics and sociology, under dictatorships, tyrannies and commercial oligarchies. In fact, revolutionary periods have often produced pretty poor art. Who will be bold enough to equate David's posturing heroics, inspired by the French Revolution, with the Post Impressionists? The vital painting of the Mexican Revolution is an important influence on art today; but the art of the Russian Revolution has been marked by an uninspiring literalism.

Art has often required a politically stable, and sometimes a politically moribund society for its greatest fulfilment. David's portraits of Napoleon and Dinekin's murals of Dneiprostroi did a great job, but a political job; and history pays its compliments to Hagia Sophia, Botticelli's "Primavera" or Manet's "Bar at the Folies Bergères."

"Children at Night", by Philip Surrey

Revolutionary art often lacks greatness simply because the artist is trying too hard to express a political idea. He shouts, bawls and gesticulates. He speaks in italics. He can say, with equal conviction, "Britons never shall be slaves" or "My Fuehrer, we do thy will". In neither case does he speak with the spontaneous flow of genius or create images that are timeless because they bear the stamp of conviction. There have been immense and powerful examples of propagandist art: the art of Goya, Daumier and Hogarth. But Goya is remembered as much by "Maja" as by "Los Desastres de la Guerra"; Daumier's "Third Class Carriage" is just as valid as his courtroom scenes; Hogarth's "Graham Children", as well as "The Rake's Progress" ensured him immortality.

Why Canadian Yardstick?

We do not produce revolutionary art; but do we produce great art? Have we produced art which carries the image of Canada across time and space; which has the universal appeal of a portrait by Rembrandt or a landscape by Constable? For that matter, should we use a Canadian yardstick to determine the size of our art; for does not this disarm criticism, and make our plaudits like the obligatory handclaps which greet a dancer with a wooden leg?

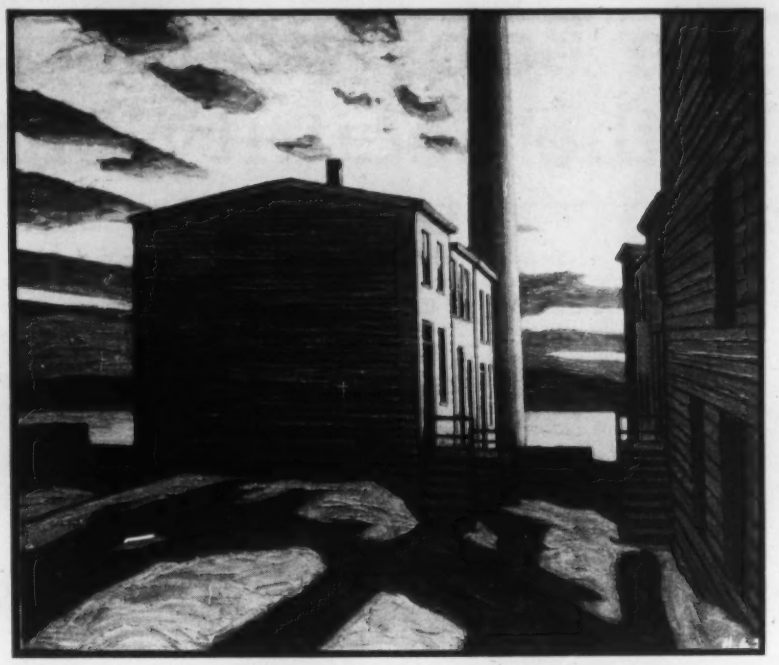
Yes, we have produced some art that is great by any standard. The best of such painters as Thomson, Jackson and Emily Carr needs no special critical limitations for its appraisal: its Canadianism emerges as a by-product of its creative strength. At a slightly lower level, we have created work that is equally timeless. On these pages is a group of paintings that may serve to illustrate the point.

Here are Lawren Harris' "Elevator Court" and A. Y. Jackson's "Aurora". The first is as arresting and inevitable as Chirico's famous "Nostalgia of a Street". The "Aurora" has, within its own terms of reference, the sadness and immensity of a Poussin. You do not need any special knowledge of Canada to get the feel of this painting. Or look at Jack Nichols' "Sick Boy with Glass". Here is a sensitive portrait with the strength that comes from a very precise blending of the qualities of artistic form and human character. Goodridge Roberts' "Landscape with Barn" is another fine painting of a different sort. The artist here is like the lyric poet, pouring out in free, rich brush-strokes a song that is completely convincing.

These paintings speak with the international voice of the true artist. I doubt whether any of the painters were conscious of a sense of national purpose, or a particular social mission, though they are, of course, the product of their land and their time.

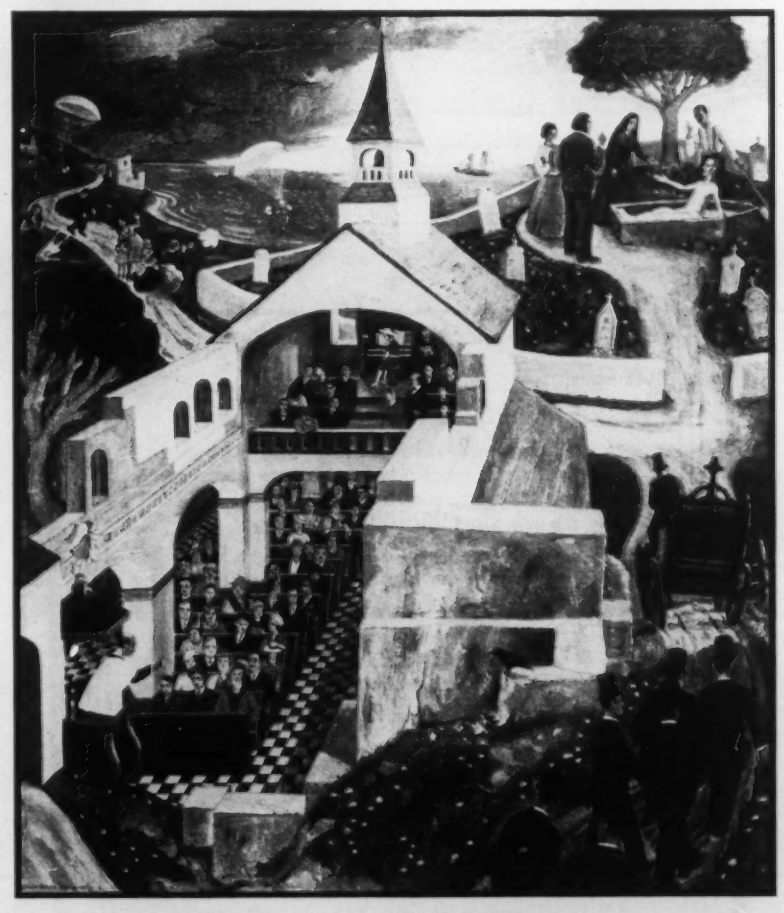
The other two paintings are pitched in a minor key. By this I do not mean that Jean-Paul Lemieux' "Lazare" and Philip Surrey's "Children at Night" are merely sad or wistful in tone. They are also works which do require some reservation in their appreciation. They are not as strong as the other paintings. But within the limits set by Lemieux' laconic allegory and Surrey's elfin mysery, they are works which speak both strongly and directly. All these paintings have been inspired neither by the urgency of war, nor by a sense of Canada's manifest destiny. In general, we shall find that such inspiration produces, at most, good poster art with immediacy and punch.

But when people want to arrive, through painting, at the essential feel of 20th century Canada, or to assess the contribution of the Canadian artist to international creative endeavor, they will turn, not to war pictures, but to paintings like these.



"Elevator Court", by Lauren Harris

"Aurora", by A. Y. Jackson



"Lazare", by Jean-Paul Lemieux

"Landscape with Barn", by Goodridge Roberts

"Sick Boy with Glass", by Jack Nichols

The Baby Bonus Is a Dog In the Security Manger

By CHARLOTTE WHITTON, C.B.E.

How many of us know, Dr. Whitton asks, how much family allowances will cost and their proportionate relationship to our tax structure? At a conservative estimate they would involve approximately $125 to $150 a head for our present two million taxpayers, or add more than one-third to the present income tax.

This impost, Dr. Whitton says, will be so great that it means more pressing demands, including veterans' welfare, health care, extended care for the aged and other needs will suffer. A sincere concern for the welfare of Canadians, she suggests, demands another look at baby bonuses based on an outline of all our social security needs.

This is the second in a series of articles by Dr. Whitton on social security problems. The first was in last week's issue.

CANADIANS are not, on the whole, unreasonable. They are fairly clear in purpose and plan or, in other words, know what they want and have fairly definite ideas on how to get it. As with all new peoples, they are apt to have a tough self-reliance and superb confidence in themselves, their present and their future. Of these characteristics, the bleak depression years took heavy toll but, with nations, as with individuals, tragedy and suffering may often prove a source of strength.

If the Canadian came out of the thirties disillusioned, resentful, somewhat embittered, he also came out of them steadier, with a more realistic appreciation of his own and his country's interdependence, at home and among nations, and with a firm resolve that such a palsy must not fall upon our life again. That is perhaps the most consistent purpose in the lives of nine out of ten Canadians to whom those years have never repaid their exactions.

Their determination seeks assurance of gainful occupation for every willing and competent worker, and some guarantee that he will be able to find decent shelter, healthful living conditions, good schooling for the family, he hopes to give to Canada. Integrated into the whole, he wants protection against the thrust into dependency of involuntary idleness, of sickness with its costs and loss of income, of premature ageing, breakdown, handicap, or bereavement, and, of course, of those unpropitious blows that come with impairment of mind, character or estate. In his anxiety, he confuses this assurance of welfare needs with social security, in its broader sense, and is apt to forget that all depends upon what the British White Paper describes as fostering "the power of the nation to produce and to earn".

Should View Needs as Whole

The wisdom—or lack of it—with which we construct these inner defences of our welfare provisions may well have a determining effect upon our capacity to maintain an economy, sufficiently buoyant to keep afloat in the turgid waters of international postwar trade. Hence the obligation of seeing our welfare needs and program as a whole; of ascertaining what parts are or can be served by existing resources or their extension; of skilfully selecting our priorities and, at every step, of assessing the actual cost in relation first to our aggregate national income and outgo, and, second, to the demand of other equally essential needs in our over-all provisions.

On every one of these gauges, the baby bonus measure, the "pay-out" end of which is being rushed into operation, should engage the serious attention of every patriotic Canadian. Its hurried introduction and turbulent passage, with 34 hours debate in less than a week in Ottawa's sweltering July days, left—and still leaves—the public with inadequate realization of its excessive cost and its disproportionate deflection of the national income to one purpose, nor is there appreciation of the fact that no country in the world has ventured on such a wholesale scheme of grants nor one absorbing, for this one use, such a frightening precentage of our bloated war income, and an almost crushing portion of what the country's ordinary revenues are likely to be in postwar days.

Rising Estimates

An "official spokesman" in January, 1944, when the Speech from the Throne came down, gave an estimate of $150 millions as the annual cost. This was amended to $200 millions in June, to $247 millions in November, to $256 millions in January, 1945, *without* administration costs, and with income tax drawbacks deferred a year—a reversion of the pay-as-you-go policy to one of pay-back-after-you've spent.

It is doubtful if a twelvemonth of *full* operation can be carried at less than $300 millions, while it is certain that once it is in force no political party will be able to withstand the logic of Quebec's contention that, since this is, in part, a population measure, babies after the fourth should grade up or, at least, remain static not go down in bonus value. Either directly, or, by provincial premium in that province, a flat, or even rising scale, will mean a $400 million outlay on this item before the next Parliament is out.

Dr. Cassidy's over-all estimate of cost was $432 millions. Dr. Marsh's plan suggested $350 to $375 millions annually. But, let us set it at $275 millions for the first year, since the drainbacks from parents now enjoying income tax exemptions are set back and—are not likely to reach the sanguine estimate of $50 to $60 millions. Even $260 millions is better than one dollar out of nine of Canada's entire income from all taxes, direct and indirect, in 1943-4.

Do Canadians realize what this total means in relation to their national financing, say in the last completed fiscal year covered in the Canada Year Book, 1943?

A $260 to $275 millions annual outlay on the baby bonus requires an amount of money equal to (1) one-half the entire income tax collected from individuals in Canada in 1943, even at war highs, or (2) $60 to $70 millions more than the entire proceeds of all the war income tax on individuals and corporations in 1941.

Looking directly at our production, this one outlay would need (1) the entire Canadian wheat crop proceeds over a good long-term average (1908-40) at $269 millions, or (2) $30 to $40 millions more than all farm income from the sale of *all dairy* production in the peak year of 1943, or (3) half Ontario's or all of Manitoba's and British Columbia's agricultural production combined?

Or in two other great sources of our wealth, it would call for (1) a few millions more than our entire gold and nickel or gold and copper war output combined or (2) $20 to $30 millions more than the highest paper production we had reached by 1942, (3) $65 to $75 millions more than our lumber production even in that year or (4) an amount equal to the whole wage roll in logging, pulp and paper, sawmills and all other lumber products at a war high.

(1) It is equivalent to nearly ¼

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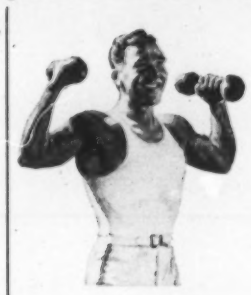

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YOU KNOW, *protecting* your health isn't enough—you have to *build* it, too.

If your diet is average, you're not likely to be a victim of "deficiency diseases" like beri-beri, pellagra, or scurvy—or die of malnutrition, either.

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FRUITS—A citrus fruit—orange or grapefruit. Other fruits, raw and cooked, including tomato

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS, AND CHEESE—At least 4 eggs a week and one healthy serving a day of one of the others

BREAD AND CEREALS—One or both at every meal, either whole-grain cereals or Canada approved bread

BUTTER AND OTHER FATS—Two or three tablespoonfuls as a spread or in cooking

Health authorities believe that all these foods are needed to fulfill normal nutrition requirements. If your diet contains them *all*, and you *still* feel tired, nervous, and lack resistance, then you should have a thorough physical checkup by your doctor.

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of the entire pay-roll—wages and salaries—in all Canadian manufacturing in a boom year like 1941. (2) Or, putting it in other words in that year, it would have taken, one way or the other, out of the Canadian economy and have given to less than 1½ million out of over 2½ million Canadian homes, an amount equal to three full months' earnings of the entire personnel, from president to gateman, in all Canadian manufacturing industries. (3) In a non-war year of reasonable activity like 1938, it would use up an amount equal to a five months' payroll.

Or this new impost may be measured against existing obligations. The advances of the depression years to the Western provinces created a heavy load which they are slowly discharging. But, the baby bonus will cost, at the Minister's own minimum, $100 millions more this year than this entire debt of the West and the Coast accumulated up to 1944. At $275 millions it will cost an amount, only $75 millions less than the combined operating budgets of all nine of the Canadian provinces. In all the provinces, but British Columbia and Ontario, it will give annually to the parents who receive it, almost as much actual cash, or in some provinces even more, than their provincial governments have to spend for all purposes.

It will give to 1½ million homes annually several millions more in cold cash than all of Canada's 4,300 municipalities collected in taxes and property acquired for taxes, in any of the years 1940 to 1942.

Under the B.N.A. Act the Dominion bound itself to pay certain subsidies annually to the nine provinces. In one year, now, the Dominion will pay out, in bonuses (to about two out of three Canadian homes) an amount equal in actual cash, to nearly half (45%) of all the provincial subsidies ($603 millions) in the 76 years from 1867 to 1943.

Cost Per Head

When, however, the bonus bill is put beside all other Dominion outlays, even at war's exhausting costs, its distorted inroad on the national budget becomes even clearer. Apart from provincial and municipal outlays, Dominion expenditures in 1943 ran $371 per head, against which we took in $190 per head, thus borrowing $181 per head to balance the outlay, a process possible in war's temporary needs but involving the ultimate end of credit and bankruptcy for ordinary recurring outlays.

Of our 1943 outlays, $315 per head was war costs; $16 debt interest, from which our own people draw payment for their own war bond and certificate loans. All other ordinary, that is peace - time, government outlay, amounted to $31.50 per head. The baby bonus will add to this at least $23.25 a head at once, or, in other words, it requires in one stroke, an amount from every Canadian man, woman and child, equivalent to more than two-thirds of all other civil government costs, accrued after three-quarters of a century of Confederation.

Is this a reasonable proposition, as a "first instalment on social security" when we must provide, first of all, millions for our *highest* priority, our veterans? When we have also to face health care, which, under the present Dominion Scheme, would add another $24 per head? Extended care for the aged, infirm, etc., amounting probably to more than $20 per head, before we touch public assistance, general child care, mental diseases, housing, stimulation of work opportunities, and other pressing social needs of the people?

Of the $190 per head, we are now raising, with income at a high we just cannot sustain—for instance the dropping of overtime will immediately react on wage-workers' pay and taxes—three items rest heavily on the mass of the people. These are the sales tax at $23, customs and excise at $21, and the income tax at $73 per head. Other war taxes amount to $59 per head, some of which will also automatically contract—e.g. the excess profits tax which nets 37 per head.

The fiscal principle behind the baby bonus is that more is taken by way of taxes from those who would otherwise put it into savings and it is thus channelled back into spending. To work successfully it must use a sharp and upgraded income tax. But this we already have, in Canada, and a public, staggering under its weight, is looking not to its continuance or increase but its reduction. And folk that are looking are not in the surtax class. Statistics given to the Social Security Committee and the House in 1944 showed that one out of two of our taxpayers classified as single, earned under $1,200 per year, paid an average of about $100 taxes per year; that about one out of two of the married, earned less than $1,800 per year, paid an average of about $90 per year. In fact, less than nine in ten Canadians or over 90 per cent pay income tax on less than $3,000 per year even now.

Here is what Dr. R. B. Bryce, expert witness from the Finance Department, giving an estimate "right off the bat," told the Social Security Committee (March 16, 1944) would be involved in the $250 millions proposed for the Dominion health insurance scheme in relation to the income tax (and it is a lesser impost and should be a priority over the baby bonus).

"The total cost of this health insurance scheme would exceed one-third of the present income tax, apart from the refundable portion."

Would Hit Lower Brackets

"If you take it that after the war the income tax will yield something less than it does at its wartime peak then the increase necessary in the income tax to carry health insurance by that means would have to be more than one-third: and the possibilities of increase, of course, are going to be greater on the lower income tax ranges than in the upper ones; that is to say, you cannot increase the tax on the higher brackets by one-third. Consequently it would involve a greater increase on the lower brackets than that."

So $275 millions will have to come from tax imposts in one way or another. The parent, paying taxes, will not benefit at all; he will be on an "in and out" basis but will pay taxes at war or higher levels. Therefore, even as a fiscal device, the scheme is open to further study and report. Since Canada is not creating new money and her income is bound to contract, this huge amount, involving $125 to $150 more per head for our 2 million taxpayers, will have to come from depression of their standard of living or from their savings in the cases of the low income group.

The relation to savings is also startling for the entire net yield of war stamps and certificates—designed for the low income saver—for the entire war period to Dec. 31, 1944, is just $241 millions, not enough to pay this year's baby bonus bill.

Surely a sound, sincere concern for the welfare of Canadians, and for meeting all their needs, to the very best capacity of a human and, on the whole, generous and unselfish people, demands a further look at this so-called "first instalment on social security" until we have before us in a forthright, intelligible, and authenticated outline, all our needs, their inclusive cost and the respective means, as well as ways, by which we may hope to meet them over the period of the dark and difficult decade, we are entering.

Alberta, as well as Ontario, can boast twin brothers, who have each been awarded the D.F.C. The Alberta pair are F/Lt. Bruce Warren and F/Lt. Duke Warren, each of whom lead a flight of Spitfire fighter-bombers. They are known to their squadron colleagues as "Duke I and II".

Again THE RED CROSS ASKS YOUR HELP TO HEAL A WAR-TORN WORLD *GIVE!*

● Wherever the great destroyer, War, has passed, pain, suffering and sorrow follow in its wake. Young men on the battlefield or in hospitals are tormented by sickness or wounds. Little children, mothers, aged people are homeless, hungry, cold. In every theatre of war, whole cities lie in ruins. Millions are suffering the pangs of disease, starvation and dire want.

So the Red Cross will continue to reach out a helping hand. It must heal and comfort our own sick and wounded. It must send food, clothing, medical supplies to war-torn lands.

And the Canadian Red Cross will answer this urgent call. For the Canadian Red Cross is you and your friends and your neighbors, and all the good folks up and down this fair Dominion of ours. You will send help—yes, life itself—to the stricken people of other lands. You will stand staunchly behind *your* Red Cross, and—GIVE!

Destitution and Want are so urgent and desperate in the liberated countries, that the Minister of National War Services asked the Red Cross, with the collaboration of the Canadian United Allied Relief Fund representing the War Charities of 11 of the United Nations, to include funds for this relief in the national appeal.

CANADIAN + RED CROSS

THE OTTAWA LETTER

Saskatchewan May Not Be So Wise In Duelling With the Dominion

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

NO thoughtful Canadian can contemplate the current row between Ottawa and the Saskatchewan Government over seed-grain debts with enthusiasm. If pursued to a bitter conclusion, there is no long-range benefit in it for either party. If Saskatchewan stands pat, the Canadian tax payer foots the bill; if the Dominion Government uses its fiscal authority, and compels Regina to capitulate, the result may be another wedge between East and West.

What the current score is by rounds this correspondent does not pretend to be able to report. It is perfectly clear, however, that the Minister of Finance holds all the cards for a showdown, but that the C.C.F. Administration can make a tremendous amount of local political capital out of it if he does. Whether the Provincial Treasurer of the most vulnerable province in Canada can derive much long-range satisfaction from antagonizing the Minister of Finance —and the tax payers of the rest of Canada—is something else again.

Neither Premier Douglas nor M. J. Coldwell has been slow to see the juicy opportunities for exploiting the situation in terms of local vote-catching. It does not require much cunning to get the average western grain farmer fighting mad about "the bankers in the East", or "the big financial interests", or "the loan sharks". For forty years he has been conditioned to see red when these epithets were bandied about.

Aberhart cashed in smartly on this bit of western psychology for years, and Manning is not doing so badly as his understudy. Now the Douglas Government has seen the possibilities. So has the Dominion office of the C.C.F. An article by M. J. Coldwell which has received widespread publicity under the headline "Debt Screws On Saskatchewan" concludes with these stirring words:

"Thus in the first round of a battle for simple justice the representatives of Canadian finance and big business, through their powerful political friends, attempted to hamstring and destroy a people's government. The real Magna Carta had yet to be won!"

Those are good fighting words for winning political support among the Saskatchewan farmers. If this dispute can be dressed up as a courageous battle by "David" Douglas against "Goliath" Ilsley, aimed at protecting the defenceless western cereal farmer against the machinations of the "financial interests" of St. James Street and the Toronto financial centre, the vote-getting possibilities within Saskatchewan are really endless. The rest of Canada may find it more difficult to extract much amusement from the controversy.

So many political smoke-screens have now been built around the basic issues that it is difficult for the fair-minded observer to be sure who started it, what are the merits, and what would be a fair solution.

Basic Issues

There is no mystery, however, about the basic causes. A Dominion Cabinet composed of Liberals, not forgetting Mr. Gardiner, still smarting somewhat from the trimming the Patterson government received last June, can hardly be called other than human for being disinclined to write off a debt of sixteen million dollars owed by the Saskatchewan Government, when it shrewdly suspects that such a sum would go a long way toward enabling the C.C.F. government of that province to fulfil its somewhat grandiose election promises.

Nor can one humanly blame Premier Douglas, faced with the task of fulfilling those promises, for looking with a jaundiced eye upon the commitments to the Dominion Government for settlement of the seed grain debts, knowing how useful that sixteen million, or any part of it, would be as working capital during the next five years or so.

When politics and emotions are so inextricably mingled in the dispute, it may be that an independent tribunal is the best "out" all around.

Just the same, taking the long view of the welfare of Saskatchewan, one wonders whether the Premier of that province and his provincial treasurer have taken into full account the usefulness of friendly relations with the Dominion Government, and with the rest of Canada. Hasn't Alberta illustrated the drawbacks inherent in destroying provincial credit?

Saskatchewan's Ordeal

From 1929 to 1938 Saskatchewan went through the most fearful economic and climatic ordeal which has ever fallen upon a Canadian province since Confederation. And yet, thanks to the cooperation between Saskatchewan and the rest of the country, worked out in financial arrangements between Regina and Ottawa, the province pulled through its crisis, the agricultural industry was maintained as a going concern, debt repudiation was avoided, the credit of the province restored, and the way paved for the magnificent contribution which it has since made toward the war.

Considering the almost hopeless plight of the province when the Rowell-Sirois Commission heard its representations in December, 1937, this recovery is a very remarkable story. It may be quite true that the rest of Canada owed it to Saskatchewan to come to the rescue, that it was both a wise and obligatory move in the long run to do so. Moreover, there was some merit, at least, in the contention that the low prices for cereals in 1929-38 were partly the result of the tariff and monetary policies which Ottawa had adopted in order to benefit other parts of the country. Yet making all due allowances for such things, two conclusions stand out: first, that Saskatchewan in her need was by no means abandoned by the rest of Canada; and second, that the recovery from the dark days of 1937 to the present day has been almost unbelievable.

I have not before me the figures for the gross agricultural income of Saskatchewan for 1944, but they have only to be compared with 1937 to see the incredible transformation in seven years. Certainly part of this recovery can be traced to wheat-bonus and P.F.R.A. expenditures which have come from the pockets of all Canadian tax payers.

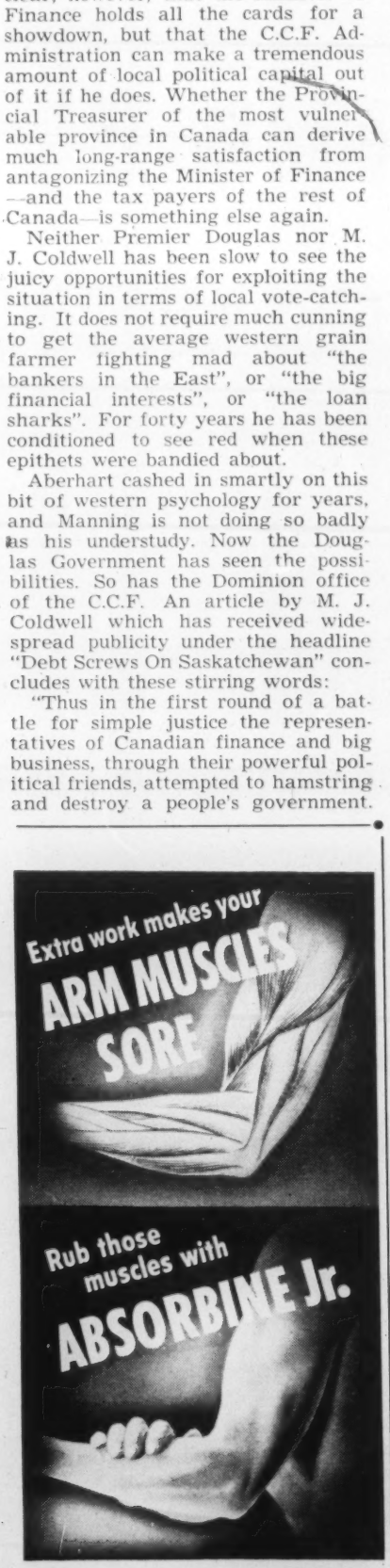
Fiscal Recovery

The improvement in the national income of Saskatchewan has, of course, been reflected in an impressive improvement in the fiscal position of the province. Figures compiled by the Winnipeg *Free Press*, which I have not seen challenged, indicate that the provincial debt has been reduced nearly twenty million dollars since 1940,—from $232.6 millions to $213.1 in 1944. Besides, the provincial government has built up a large cash balance. The surplus last year was $8 millions and on April 30, 1944, the cash balance as shown in public accounts was $10.8 millions.

The depths from which the province has climbed is best shown by a sentence or two from the Rowell-Sirois Report:

"Relief expenditures in Saskatchewan reached fantastic levels. In 1937, when two-thirds of the population were on relief, relief expenditures by all governments in Saskatchewan were double total provincial and municipal revenues, excluding subsidies. . . Economically this area was the most vulnerable in Canada. No other province was so completely dependent upon the fluctuations in the export market. Nowhere was production so dependent upon the vagaries of the climate. . . It was manifestly impossible to meet any significant portion of the outlay on relief by means of local taxation when total expenditures for this purpose for the eight-year period exceeded the total net farm cash income of the whole Province".

At the moment Saskatchewan is riding high, and the C.C.F. may have decided that it can afford to have a show-down with Ottawa. To support its case, it chooses to portray the attempt to collect seed grain accounts as a deep-laid plot of the financial interests to throw the socialist experiments of the Douglas government off the rails. That is certainly its privilege in a country which believes in freedom of debate. But I think if I were the Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan, I would forego the immediate political advantage to be gained in baiting the Dominion Government, which, after all, does represent the remainder of Canada (not only those wicked eastern "financial interests"), and seek an honorable settlement. The war has not greatly broadened the base of Saskatchewan's industry, the province is still highly vulnerable to climatic adversity, and before Mr. Fines terminates his office he may find it handy to be on good terms with the Dominion Government of that day, and to have an unblemished reputation of honorable dealing in the rest of Canada.



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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Are You Always Limp and Tired? Then Just Do Nothing About It

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

I HAVEN'T read Marie Beynon Ray's "How Never To Be Tired" and I don't intend to. As a matter of fact I would no more think of buying or even borrowing or renting Mrs. Ray's innocent-sounding brochure than I would of investigating a loaded land-mine.

According to the publishers, the authoress of "How Never To Be Tired" teaches us how to organize our inner life in order to release our unrealized energies. This is a highly dangerous program; for the human ego is a bottle-imp and the only safety for society is in keeping it corked as tightly as possible. As it is, the world is fairly popping with integrated personalities—with dictators, bloc leaders, band leaders, Andrews sisters, syndicated Messiahs, political saviors and eupeptic authors of How To books. What we need in a society that is rapidly blowing itself to bits, is not more but fewer people with perfectly realized egos and fully functioning glandular systems.

The publishers of "How Never To Be Tired" have included in their publicity material a number of sensational case-histories as bait to prospective readers. As far as I can observe from a safe distance there has been no follow-up to these examples. So I have taken the liberty of extending these histories and even adding a few of my own, just to show what happens to the human ego once it takes the lid off its own awful potential energies.

Take the case of Agnes Frobisher. Miss Frobisher was a quiet, reserved young woman who had never succeeded in attracting the opposite sex. After reading "How Never To Be Tired", Miss Frobisher was able to deal with the frustrations that hampered her development. Merely by turning her Destructive Emotions inside out, she has since succeeded in breaking up three homes and involving herself in a tabloid scandal. In her immediate circle she is now known as Forever Aggie, and none of her former women friends will speak to her.

THEN there is the case of Mrs. Wallace Higham. Mrs. Higham had always longed to be a Public Speaker, but had never found the initiative or self-confidence to make the effort. She was, in fact, so lacking in vital energy that the mere effort of seconding a motion would leave her prostrated for days. After reading "How Never To Be Tired", however, Mrs. Higham discovered that she could speak interminably on any subject that turned up, to any audience that would turn up to listen. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Higham had never taken up the companion-study, "How Never to Tire Your Audience." With nothing to say and an unlimited facility for saying it Mrs. Higham was actually nothing more than a brilliantly integrated windbag who tired her audience to death. Before long the announcement of Mrs. Higham as guest-speaker was all that was needed to insure an enthusiastically emptied auditorium. One day Mrs. Higham appeared at a luncheon meeting to lecture on "The How, Why and Wherefore of Social, Religious, Economic and Environmental Factors in Human Society" and found nobody present but the chairman, who left immediately after the fish course. Mrs. Higham's artificially stimulated personality quickly collapsed after this. She is now the prey of the old devastating emotions and friends say that her personality is as soothing as ovaltine.

CONSIDER the Mayor, who read about the Mayor who was "desperately tired till he learned to look for friends not foes." Under the stimulus of this example Mayor H. set out on an ambitious plan of making friends. No one who came to the Mayoral office went away empty-handed. To one went a loving gift of the Litter Can Contract, to another the district Pin-Ball Machine Concession, to a third the Cut-Stone award for Public Buildings. The Mayor's popularity increased with his benefactions, which like himself had become tireless. Subsequent events however proved that while the Mayor's personality was by this time perfectly balanced, a whole corps of chartered accountants couldn't balance the municipal books. Mayor H. is now operating as an unfrocked lawyer in one of the more obscure downtown business districts.

Most significant is the case of Mr. K. Mr. K., an enthusiastic reader of How-To books, had been greatly stimulated by a book entitled "How To Grow Mushrooms In Your Cellar". For some months he had been growing mushrooms with indifferent success. Then one day in "How Never To Be Tired" he came across the case-history of Arthur MacLean "whose inferiority complex and with it his fatigue disappeared when his wife died, and who went from a $2500 job to a vice-presidency at $18,000."

It was blindingly clear to Mr. K. at once that the blight, spot and lagging markets which afflicted his mushroom enterprise were directly traceable to fatigue, induced by Mrs. K. So one evening he prepared for Mrs. K. a supper dish consisting of Angel of Death en casserole. For a short time after this or until the investigators caught up with him, Mr. K's mushroom business flourished, and he went from $3.00 a week to $25.00 a month net profit on sales. Mrs. K's disappearance aroused suspicion, however, and when her remains were disinterred from under the mushroom development in the cellar Mr. K. was put under arrest. His explanation, "She made me tired" did not influence the jury, and Mr. K. paid for his experiment in self-development in the electric chair.

I HOPE the foregoing cases are sufficient to prove that Know Thyself is probably the most dangerous axiom in the history of human thought. The human ego in fact is a powder-keg, compact of calamity. If it blows up you will certainly rise with it; but the safest course is to sit as tightly as possible on the lid.

If further proof is needed, we have only to cite the case-history of A. Schickelgruber, the most famous re-integrated personality of history.

A. Schickelgruber, an obscure painter, was, from childhood, a completely scrambled personality. He suffered from Destructive Emotions, hysteria, war-nerves, and frustration. He was notably unattractive to the opposite sex. He was non-functional, non-vital, and as far as most people were concerned, non-existent. In his early forties, however, Mr. Schickelgruber undertook an intensive course in Personality Development. He learned to speak in public. He developed exciting outside interests and contacts. He became a Positive Magnetic Personality, who knew the Thrill of Peak Achievement. And when in 1939 he finally pulled the cork out of the bottle he nearly blew the whole civilized world to pieces.

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Nazi Cruelty Stories Are Not Propaganda

By JOHN GORDON

How much is true in the many stories of atrocities in German prison camps?

Mr. Gordon, who is a restrained and accurate reporter, says that atrocity stories were based on fact in the last war and they are again in this. He inspected two camps, one at Breendonck, in Belgium, the other at Vught, in Holland.

His opinion is that too few of us have any belief in atrocities, mainly because we are too far removed from the scene.

TIME and time again I hear sentimentalists and people of little knowledge saying: "The Germans, apart from a few rabid Nazis, are pretty much like ourselves. All these atrocity stories are propaganda. After the war we shall find that most of them never happened."

I heard a young Army officer the other day say: "Look at the atrocity stories we were told in the last war. They weren't true."

When I told him that in fact they were true, but that the trouble was that the Germans who committed them were not punished, he would not believe me. When I told him to go to any public library and borrow the evidence of the Bryce Commission which was set up to investigate and report on these crimes, he said with surprise that he had never heard of it.

The fact is that there are not only too many people who have never heard the history of the Germans as war-makers, but there are too many people who have still no real knowledge of what the Germans have done in the past five years.

They read the stories of what happened in Russia, in Poland, and in the Balkans, but these countries somehow seem far away and different. Let me tell them from personal knowledge something of what happened much nearer home. Something of what would have happened in Britain had the Germans managed to get a foothold in that land.

Almost midway between Antwerp and Brussels there is a little village called Breendonck. On the edge of that village is one of the old outer forts of Antwerp. It is a sprawling series of one-storey buildings, most of which are heavily protected by banks of earth. The walls are 12 to 20 feet thick.

Inside it is dark and damp with the stillness and chill of the tomb. Round it is a wide moat and in front of the moat a high earth barrier which hides most of the fort from view, and a high, impenetrable wire fence with sentries' watch towers at intervals.

That grim building was one of Germany's chief concentration camps during the occupation of Belgium. I went into almost every room in it recently.

I heard the stories of victims who had been imprisoned there. I saw photographs of their hideously mutilated bodies. I saw the torture implements which had been used upon them.

We know more about what happened in Breendonck than in any other western concentration camp because we were lucky. The Germans leaving Belgium in a hurry put the prisoners on a train to take them to Germany. Guerrillas captured the train. So that from the prisoners, by careful examination, checking the facts of one prisoner against the facts of another, we have more or less a complete story of that prison and, better still, a complete list of the torturers for, I hope, future use.

There were usually about 1,000 prisoners in the camp. They lived in dark, airless, dirty rooms in groups of 40, sleeping in three-tiered wooden bunks.

The inside and worst rooms, as usual, were reserved for Jews. How they breathed through a long night I can hardly imagine. There was no light and hardly any air.

Punishment Cells

In one wing were the punishment cells in two sets. The two sets were similar in size, but with one difference—one set was kept in complete pitch-black darkness. They were about 3 ft. wide and 5 ft. long. Most of them had heavy iron shackles attached to the wall, in such a position that a prisoner had to get down on all fours and eat his food out of a plate on the floor like a dog.

The walls of the cells in the lighter section are a mass of moving messages and drawings left by prisoners. There are verses from the Bible, a head of Christ, and many, many names, chiefly the names of women.

To add to the punishment in the dark cells, the walls of the cells were kept freshly white-washed. If, to ease the strain of his cramped position, a prisoner leaned against a wall and so got a trace of the whitewash on his clothing, he was flogged as a punishment.

The food of the prisoners was one slice of bread and a cup of ersatz coffee in the morning, a cup of soup at midday, and at night a slice of bread and a cup of the same coffee. On that diet the whole prison suffered from dysentery, which added to the cruelty.

The prisoners were of all ages, some boys, some over 70. Those who fell so ill that they sought medical attention had to parade completely naked, winter or summer in an open courtyard in front of the doctor's hut. They had to parade at 8 a.m. The doctor never saw them until 11 o'clock.

Killed With Cold Water

There was very little sympathy or treatment to be had from the doctors. Only once was a very ill prisoner given permission to stay in bed until the doctor was ready. When, later in the day, the commandant, who was perpetually drunk, heard of it, he ordered the prisoner to be paraded naked in the courtyard. There he played ice-cold water upon him from a hose. The prisoner died.

In the centre of the prison is the torture chamber, a windowless, circular room with tremendously thick walls, dimly lit, from a lofty, vaulted ceiling. I have seen the implements that were used there—the hand crushers, the rubber whips, the leather whips with thongs of cord interlaced with lumps of lead, a curious implement made like an electric razor the size of a large electric torch with which pieces were cut out of the victims' bodies, immersion heaters which were forced into people's bodies and then the current turned on.

I have heard the sworn stories of the prisoners who were tortured.

There is a man in Brussels today whose legs were torn apart on a rack until his body split.

There is a woman, she must have been a pretty woman about 22 years of age, who also lives but may not live for long. Let me tell you what happened to her in that torture chamber. She was brought in naked and her wrists were tied behind her back. Then a rope through a pulley in the ceiling was tied to her bound wrists and she was lifted off the floor. The lift broke both her shoulders. While she hung there she was brutally flogged with a rubber whip and every few minutes dashed to the ground to fall on sharpened pieces of wood which lacerated her severely.

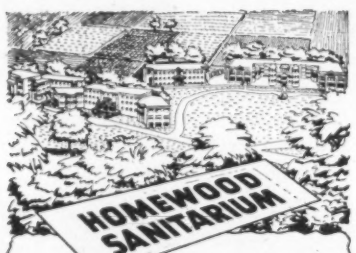
It may be surprising to hear that the hobby of the worst torturer of all was music—particularly Schubert's music. He had a vast collection of classical records and between his torture spells did little else but play them.

I went to another concentration camp at Vught, in Holland.. A very different camp, much vaster—it holds probably 20,000 prisoners—and specially built by the Germans. This was no grim dark, feudal prison, but an exquisitely beautiful barracks set in scenery as lovely as Ascot.

We do not know so much about what happened there. But we do know that 80 or 90 women were one night crowded into a Black Hole of Calcutta cell and some 30 or more were dead in the morning.

There is the usual gallows, the usual sinister electrical equipment, and in addition two indoor and one outdoor crematorium incinerators, which suggest that death was a pretty constant visitor to the camp. We know at least that in one of the last days 300 bodies were burned.

Among all the grim memories I shall always think of one fact which illustrates the Jekyll and Hyde nature of the Germans. In the torture camp of Vught the Germans had taken infinite pains to put on every prisoners' hut beautiful nesting boxes for birds.



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The Senate Could Take a Hand in Control

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY

There is a special job the Senate can do to make Parliament function more efficiently in controlling the increasingly complex agencies of the government.

The elected members of the House of Commons have not the time to conduct all the investigations which should be conducted.

The Senate has the time, Mr. Flaherty says, and if it did the work the results would assist the Commons in discharging its function as a critical body.

DURING the four sessions of the present Parliament a good many members both in the House of Commons and Senate have sounded off on one or both of two complaints:

1. That the methods and procedure of parliament are slow, cumbersome and out of date.

2. That private members and senators are not given an opportunity to apply their varied abilities and experiences to best advantage.

Despite several rather serious attempts to deal with the situation which gives rise to these two complaints little has been accomplished and it is safe to assume that unless there is a more fundamental approach to the function of parliamentary democracy under modern conditions another Parliament will move along in the same way with the same complaints being uttered and little being done about them.

The special problem of the times is the adjustment of parliamentary institutions to the employment of experts in the various fields of activity in which governments now engage. The experts, sometimes called bureaucrats or brain-trusters, who stand behind the ministers have, to some extent run away from parliament, escaped its control because members of parliament are unable to understand their work.

Parliament can still reach out to smite and destroy them but shrinks from such heavy-handed action because it needs them and knows not how to replace them with others. Since administration has become more important than legislation, since governments are administering a great part of the national wealth, since governments are providing services which touch intimately on the private affairs of the citizens, experts are necessary and parliament can not face up to the risk of depriving the nation of the services of men who are competent to carry on the job. Yet if the general structure of parliamentary government is to continue, some way must be found to bring the experts under an intelligent supervision of the representatives of the people.

Attempts are made from time to time to do this through committees of the House of Commons. Recent experience, however, has demonstrated pretty clearly that while some good work can be done by committees the members simply have not the time to carry on the amount of detailed investigation necessary. Because of pressure of work it is hard to get members to serve on committees and hard to get enough of them to attend committee meetings after they have been appointed. Royal commissions are set up from time to time to do work which properly belongs to parliament, investigating charges of impropriety as in the case of the Bren gun inquiry of 1938, or investigating situations with a view to recommending new policies, as in the case of the National War Labor board and its inquiry into industrial relations which resulted in the labor code.

Take Place of Judges

Frequently these commissions contain or are composed wholly of one or more judges. Their work occasionally later comes under the review of a parliamentary committee which is able to deal with the problem more expeditiously than otherwise by reason of having had the spade-work done. The employment of judges on commissions, as has often been pointed out by leaders in the legal profession, is open to serious objection on the ground that it interferes with the orderly functioning of the courts, takes judges away from their law books and their ordinary duties and so interrupts the continuity of their judicial work, and sometimes exposes them to extreme and unwarranted partisan criticism which lowers their prestige.

The attraction of governments towards judges for such inquiries arises from the fact that as a class they enjoy the confidence of the public. Having an assured income for life they have no ulterior motives and the public is more readily convinced of their impartiality than it is in the case of men who compete for a living or a place in public life.

Parliament, however, has within its own walls a body of men who partake of the characteristics of judges. The Senators are appointed for life and so enjoy a measure of financial independence. On the average their experience is greater than that of any other comparable group of men. Many of them have served in cabinets for varying periods, and most of them have been in the House of Commons or provincial legislatures. A large number are leaders in their own professions or businesses.

The Senate is not over-worked. Its members frequently complain that they have not enough work to do. It might well constitute a permanent panel of commissioners from which the government could draw the men it wants to carry on particular investigations. There is a precedent for this already as Senator Joseph J. Bench of St. Catharines was appointed to the National War Labor Board and served with distinction on that body along with Mr. C. P. McTague and Mr. J. L Cohen.

The employment of senators as commissioners would bring the kind of inquiries which relate to national affairs more directly within the scope and scrutiny of parliament. Both parliament and the government would have more freedom in accepting or rejecting the reports of commissions composed of senators than of commissions composed of judges.

There are certain inquiries for which the royal commission method is specially suitable. There are others for which a parliamentary committee is more suitable. In developing a tradition or a custom of employing senators on commissions the possibility of having committees of the Senate do more work than is now done should not be overlooked.

Would Assist Commons

If committees of the Senate carried on the detailed inquiries into special questions which are necessary to an intelligent parliamentary supervision of the work of experts the essential function of the House of Commons as a critical body would be assisted. The results of Senate inquiries would provide material for intelligent debate in the lower house which has the ears of the public and thus bring aspects of administration which now never come under public scrutiny before the attention of the people.

Such work is not likely to come to the Senate automatically or as a result of any governmental decision. The upper house has power to initiate inquiries on its own and in the past has initiated inquiries which have brought important results. Although in the main composed of men who were once party men it usually proceeds with inquiries in a non-partisan way.

A start towards the establishment of a custom which would give the Senate a new usefulness and go a long way towards meeting the current problem of establishing parliamentary supervision over administrations of ever-growing complexity might be made by the Senate setting up one or two permanent committees. One could function as a body to inquire into allegations and charges relating to the public service. Recently there have been instances of such charges which were never adequately explored.

A charge of dishonesty or inefficiency against a public official or agency, if true, calls for action. If untrue and yet ignored it undermines confidence and may well destroy the usefulness of the individual or agency concerned. An assurance of prompt and impartial investigation would discourage the making of irresponsible charges and at the same time encourage citizens who had knowledge of laxity and wrong-doing to go on the mat with it.

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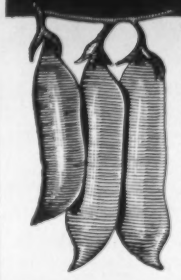

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SYMBOL OF QUALITY

Geography Makes Canada's Unity a Serious Problem

By FRANCIS X. CHAUVIN

Can National Unity be achieved in Canada in the face of the difficulties presented by Geography?

This is Mr. Chauvin's fourth article on National Unity. In this article he suggests more than he says, although he depicts various types of social individuals whose mentality, in his opinion, is the outcome of geographical influence. He says that the eastern tiller of the soil is content with the decent living which his farm brings him, and looks upon the farmer of the West as an "enterpriser of culture . . . who farms not only for a living but for wealth . . . "

He compares the situation within Canada to the position of Canada in the British Commonwealth. And he sums it all up in a short sentence: "The individuality of the parts tends to destroy the notion of the whole".

"WE are made by Geography." This is the title of Chapter XVIII of Mr. B.K. Sandwell's splendid 124-page book: "The Canadian Peoples", published in 1941 by the Oxford University Press. The volume is one of a series of illustrated books written by outstanding authors and designed by the publishers to present a concise—but very illuminating — pen-picture of "The World To-day".

"We are made by Geography"? Definitely: and that factor is not without its influence on Canadian national unity, even if it has not prevented the growth of a "strong Canadian national spirit". Although Canada is geographically a northward extension of the United States, there exists between the two countries a definite political frontier. To many visiting observers who look at the map and follow with their finger that imaginary line which begins at the 49th parallel on the north and finishes at the 45th parallel on the south, the existence on this vast continent of two individualities (Canadian and American) appears like a paradox.

However, there is nothing paradoxical about that duality of political personalities. Geography does not erase the action of history. The architecture of the North American continent gives Canada a geographical axis, which runs south-north, but history gives Canada another axis, which runs west-east. By its physical structure, Canada belongs to what may be called the continental pan-Americanism, but by its spiritual origin and its traditions Canada belongs—at least has so far considered that it belongs —to what I venture to call the Europo-Asiatic concert. Hence its distinctive personality.

Canada occupies half of the North American continent lying between the United States (and Alaska) and the Polar Seas. It has an area, including the N.W. Territories, of 3,690,043 square miles and a population (1941) of 11,506,655, of which 49.67% is of English-speaking origin, 30.20% of French-speaking origin, and 20.13% of various racial extraction.

The bulk of this population is concentrated in a relatively narrow band along the American frontier, leaving the immense territory to the north practically empty. The only regions which are fairly densely populated are those situated, in eastern Canada, north of lakes Erie and Ontario, in the St. Lawrence Valley, and in several counties of the Maritimes. These regions contain two-thirds of the country's entire population or thereabout. Western Canada and British Columbia contain the balance, which is chiefly centered in cities and towns.

Perhaps we should better appreciate the demographic equilibrium of the population if we presented its distribution in terms of inhabitants per square mile. Taking the 1941 census as a basis, we find the following:

	per sq. mi.
Ontario	9
Quebec	5
Nova Scotia	24
New Brunswick	15
P. E. Island	40
Man., Sask., Alta.	4
British Columbia	2
Yukon	.02
N. W. Territories	.01

It should be explained here that whatever importance these statistics may have from the sociological point of view, they have little geographical significance, because the ratio of population to the area of any territory expresses only one aspect of the situation. We obtain a very different version if we consider the location of the population. Density increases in the proportion that the economy of a region becomes more industrial than agricultural. It also depends on the periphery of islands.

Mr. Willson Woodside is ill and unable to write "The Hitler War" this week.

"Made by Geography"

"We are made by Geography". Well, let us look at the map. What strikes one at first sight? Is it not the Great Canadian Shield, the oldest structural element of North America? This Shield is, in effect, an immense plateau of granite rocks which surrounds Hudson Bay and extends northwardly as far as the Arctic circle. Incapable of agriculture, it constitutes a "barrier between the agricultural-industrial region of the St. Lawrence Valley and the agricultural area of the prairies", as Mr. Sandwell writes (p. 111, "The Canadian Peoples"). By compensation, it is rich in mining and forest resources, as well as in hydro-electric energy.

In the eastern part of Canada are found the ramifications of the Appalachian chain of mountains, which stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to Newfoundland. Between this chain and the Laurentians runs the St. Lawrence River, in a valley that is densely populated, highly industrialized and agriculturally wealthy.

Near the Pacific Coast, forming part of the Cordilleras system, are the lofty Rockies, and between the Rockies and the Great Shield spreads the section of the prairies, which go on narrowing towards the north until they reach the Arctic circle.

Now, with these contrasts in the physical complexion of Canada—and keeping in mind that the distance from Halifax to Vancouver is not more than "one-seventh of the way around the world"—it is no surprise that there should exist in our country marked variations of climate and a corresponding variety of economic activities. The traveler who traverses Canada by train from East to West, gets the impression that he has crossed five different countries, each presenting its peculiar scenery. He has to advance or put back his watch no fewer than five times.

From the polyculture regions of the East, comprising cereals, fruits, vegetables, stock-raising, etc., he passes through the bleak expanse of the Great Shield, crosses the monoculture areas of the western prairies, where wheat is the chief product, and arrives on the Pacific coast to find conditions c l o s e l y approximating those he witnessed at the beginning of his journey.

Varied Soil-Tillers

These divisions and subdivisions of agricultural production create varied types of social individuals. In the East, the tiller of the soil (there is no word in English to fully correspond with the French word *paysan*) is of the sedate type, who is content to extract from the land a decent living. He sells his products on local markets and is little preoccupied with the problems of export. In the St. Lawrence Valley we find the *habitant*, the traditional pioneer who is still attached to the old rural civilizations of Europe and who is symbol of stability. He is not a speculator: he lives from his farm and for his farm—and for his family.

The prairie farmer is a totally different type of individual. He is what I would call an enterpriser of culture. He is technically superior to his eastern counterpart; he is a man of the machine, who farms not only for a living but for wealth. He has no local markets, therefore depends on international markets for the sale of his products. By the very law of his existence, he is a specialist and, as such, he feels to the fullest the repercussion of world depressions. His periods of leisure are lengthy, and therefore he has plenty of time for study. He is susceptible to innovations, principally in the field of politics. Every farmer in the West is a politician. No traditions burden him and he is always on the alert for something new. For him, the East is a foreign country, and he is suspicious of it. I would go so far as to say that for him Canada is his province, nay, his constituency . . . his very farm. The C.C.F. Government of Premier Douglas is the effigy of a mentality that is typically western. The Social Credit of Alberta is another.

The British Columbia horticulturist resembles in no way the prairie enterpriser. He has a personality of his own, while having some resemblance with his eastern counterpart. He has a ready market for his products. In competition with the Japanese immigrant (I am speaking of peacetime conditions), he has learned to regard his farm as an industry in disguise. During a boom he does not get excited, and in a crisis he is looked upon as a wise man. He understands his times and he becomes an expert without going too fast. His standard of living is not a borrowed or copied one. He is individualistic without sacrificing his cooperative-mindedness.

I could add to these types of individuals, the factory workers, the fishermen, the miners, the white-collar workers, the financiers, the industrialists and the professionals, but these classes do not belong to any particular one of our geographical zones. They are, each in his own caste, stereotyped species.

This is the situation which Geography has created in Canada. Our population is, despite our ultra-modern means of transportation, composed of "isolated settlements", as says Mr. Sandwell. The same author continues: " . . . there is too little contact between the different parts of the Dominion. There is a belt of very sparse settlement between the Maritimes and Quebec. The majority of the population of Quebec is cut off from Ontario by language. Ontario's populated section is many hundreds of miles from the prairies. The vast bulk of the Rockies intervenes between the prairies and the Pacific coast and valley settlements," etc. The picture is complete, and the consequences seemingly inevitable.

These consequences may be summed up in one single sentence: the individuality of the parts tends to de-

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stroy the notion of the whole. The situation within Canada, by reason of geography, is comparable to the situation of Canada in the British Commonwealth. Canada having become, as a result of an evolution which culminated in the Statute of Westminster, an independent personality, is no longer a part of a whole. For a confirmation of this we only have to refer to the Chanak incident of 1922-23, when Canada, although solicited, refused to collaborate in the defense of the Dardanelles; or to the Lausanne treaty of 1924, which our Prime Minister declined to sign because Canada had not been invited to participate in the discussions leading to it; or to Locarno of 1925, and to the declaration of war by Canada in 1939.

In juxtaposition, place the situation within Canada. The conflict here between the federal and the provincial governments has been ceaseless. The Federal Government is continually charged by one or the other of the Provincial Governments, with encroachments. The latest blasts of Premiers Drew and Duplessis over Family Allowances are manifestations which cannot be overlooked when discussing national unity. True, these disputes are not, at the present time, the effect of geography, but it was geography that "made" the provinces. Was there not, some years ago, considerable talk in western Canada, of secession? Is there not today, talk of an Independent State on the St. Lawrence?

U.S. Proximity

Geography "makes" Canada through another channel of influence: the proximity of the United States. Mr. B. K. Sandwell does not overlook this aspect of the problem in his "The Canadian Peoples". He says: "Every populous portion of Canada is nearer to a populous portion of the United States than it is to its neighbor population centres in the Dominion. In one sense the people of Canada are a fringe along the northern edge of the United States. Boston is a metropolis to the Maritimes; New York to Quebec and Ontario; Minneapolis and Chicago to the prairies; Seattle and San Francisco to British Columbia. The resultant influence of American habits and thought upon Canadians is immense. Nowhere in the world is there a boundary which represents so little division other than that of political institutions. American newspapers and magazines load the Canadian news-stands, and must be admitted without duty as part of a trade agreement effected in 1935. Tourist traffic is heavy across the border in both directions. Entertainment of all kinds in Canada is largely of American origin. Book publishing is to no small extent a branch of the United States industry.

". . . these factors . . . influence the social and personal habits of Canadians very greatly, their political feelings scarcely at all. . . Canada is still, and now more than ever, simply a very friendly and intimate neighbor of the United States, not a candidate for absorption into that great nation".

Habits North American

This is the true description of the situation. Canada is British in its loyalism, but *North American* in its habits, its preferences in entertainments, standard of living, even reading (of some 100 newspapers and magazines that are read in Canada only about 20 are English or Canadian). We, in Canada, are socially and economically soldered to the United States. The American familiarity is inseparable from the Canadian personality. We sing *God Save the King* with conviction, but we speak of the host of the White House a good deal more than of the occupant of Buckingham Palace. It's a question of watches too: when it's five p.m. in London, it's twelve noon in Montreal, but it's also twelve noon in New York.

All this has (perhaps) nothing to do with National Unity in Canada, but it shows to what tremendous extent "we are made by geography". We have to concede that our patriotism is chiefly political. Would it not be better if it were founded on *national* cultural values? I leave the question there.

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Conference to Come Is Not Vienna Congress

By R. M. COPER

The superstition that history repeats itself dies hard. Many people turn for enlightenment to the events of the past. The Congress of Vienna is frequently compared with the peace conference that will dispose of the present war; Hitler is frequently likened to Napoleon.

At Vienna, the falsification of the democratic revolution through Napoleon was used as a pretext to stifle liberty. But at the coming peace conference the progress of the democratic revolution will stifle fascism and reaction.

SOME superstitions die hard. Outstanding among them is the belief that history repeats itself. When Hitler was stopped at Stalingrad many people compared the fate of his armies with that of Napoleon's armies. Yet a year and a half earlier few people had believed that history would repeat itself; most people had disagreed only as to whether Hitler would finish the Russians in three weeks or in six.

Just now the comparison between the Napoleonic Wars and the present war is revived for a different purpose. We are being told by "experts" and commentators that the coming peace conference is outwardly a repetition of the Congress of Vienna; it has the same task, namely, the settlement of European affairs. Fundamentally, however, these experts and these commentators draw the comparison in order to point out that history is in danger of not repeating itself. The Congress of Vienna, they say, was a European concert, but the peace conference to come is "dominated" by the Big Three. Vienna, they say, was democratic, but the peace conference is not. Vienna, they say, created harmony, but the domination by the Big Three will sow discord.

What was the consequence of Vienna? It was the Holy Alliance between Austria, Prussia and Russia. What was the democracy of Vienna? It was the democracy of the princes to crush the dignity of the peoples. In France the monarchy which had been overthrown in 1789 was restored. The consequence was a revolution in 1830, another in 1832, and another in 1848. There was a German revolution in 1848. All these revolutions were mere ripples on the surface of reaction.

There was the Reform Bill in England in 1832. But in 1863 Lincoln said at Gettysburg: "We highly resolve that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." He said, from the earth; not, from this continent. There was no really popular government anywhere but in the United States. This government derived its existence from the same ideas and social facts that produced the French Revolution of 1789. The idea was the idea of liberty; the facts were the economic and social necessities of our present society then struggling to free itself from the chains of outworn traditions. At Vienna, the idea was suppressed by reaction; and the young society of free and equal men and of vast economic progress was stunted.

Democratic Revolution

But the life force of this society was too great for reaction to stunt it indefinitely. The democratic revolution, temporarily falsified by Napoleon, spread over all Europe and intensified in the United States. In our days, it has produced four consecutive Roosevelt administrations; it has produced the Soviet Union; and it has produced the Beveridge Plan and the British government's acceptance of the principle of work for everyone who wants to work. It is against these achievements, and these prospects, that Hitler and the men behind him have unleashed the fury of fascism.

And there are people who compare Hitler with Napoleon who, though he besmirched the democratic revolution through his lust for conquest, sowed democratic seeds wherever he went. The peoples who fought against him fought for their liberation from the foreigner. They did not fight for the preservation of the privileges of their princes and noblemen. Even in those parts of Germany which were for any length of time under Napoleonic administration—however corrupt this administration was—the flame of democracy did not die until Hitler stamped it out. Prussia, unfortunately, was not among those parts.

The people who liken Hitler to Napoleon, and the peace conference to come to the Congress of Vienna, implicitly liken Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin to the reactionaries of Vienna, Openly, however, they merely say that the domination by these three men spells future calamity. At Vienna, we are reminded, all the nations of Europe were represented; but now three men make all decisions between themselves. Were all the *nations* of Europe represented at Vienna? Their princes were there, but no one else. These princes were fundamentally united. They were united in the fear of their peoples who had scented the air of liberty; and they were united in the resolve to purge the air of their countries of the scent of liberty.

"Legitimacy"

Vienna was based on the principle of "legitimacy," we are told. Legitimacy then meant the inviolability of the divine right of the princes. Certainly, the illustrious gathering at Vienna was united on this point, too. Talleyrand took the following instruction from his royal government to Vienna: "A sovereign whose dominions are conquered does not lose his sovereignty unless he cedes his right to the throne or abdicates, but loses only the actual possession through conquest and consequently preserves the right to do everything not implied by possession. The fact that he may send representatives to the Congress is an indication of this right, for in so doing he may claim possession." By and large these principles hold good to this day. Is this, perhaps, the reason why a famous correspondent recently wrote a sensational story about Hindenburg's will to restore the monarchy in Germany, a story that implied the desirability of restoring the monarchy in Germany? One wonders who was using Mr. Lochner, and what for.

Which governments are legitimate today? None are even remotely as legitimate as those of the Big Three. Are the Big Three undemocratic because they do not want to settle the European chaos in conjunction with governments whose legitimacy may be disputed by their peoples? Would such a settlement be legitimate, and would it be secure?

History repeats itself only if we want or allow it to repeat itself. To say that domination by the Big Three is undemocratic is the same as to demand that a country's government should at any time consist of the leaders of all parties including parties whose constitutionality is doubtful. It is a distortion of democracy. To be sure, the Big Three play nobody's game but their own. But their game is peace for all.

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WILLIAM G. WEBSTER
Chief Commissioner

Modern Doctors Say No to Strenuous Living

By STANLEY CALDWELL

The results of a strenuous life may range from untold wealth to hypertension, from astounding fame to stomach ulcers—but seldom longevity and happiness.

Conversely, work balanced with play and adequate rest is the ancient formula for a long life of health and happiness. Doctors suggest that more adults should learn to say with Lin Yutang: "One must start out with the belief that there are no catastrophies in this world and that, beside the notable art of getting things done, there is the nobler art of leaving things undone."

IT'S probably an exaggeration to say that all the world loves a loafer, but nearly everybody loves to quote the famous Chauncey Depew—as famous for his wit as for his sedentary way of life—who once said that he took absolutely no exercise except to act as pall-bearer for his friends who did.

Even in the lofty precincts of the medical profession there are smiles of approval for Depew's comment. Physicians will go far enough out on a limb to say that it is difficult, if not downright impossible, to improve upon that ancient formula for creative living—work balanced with play and adequate rest. They emphasize *adequate rest* as the vital distinction between a full, happy life and one that is merely strenuous. The latter ignores rest as a sheer waste of time.

Little wonder, therefore, that doctors lend an impatient ear to the executive who boasts that he has "worked hard and played hard" all his life.

"Take it easy," they warn. "Be a good little Greek and adopt moderation in all things. Relax, get some rest."

Of course, if the heart is set on early liquidation — on a short and merry life—then nothing succeeds like excess. The results of a strenuous life may range from untold wealth to hypertension, from astounding fame to stomach ulcers—but seldom longevity and happiness. Shakespeare may have had the strenuous life in mind when he referred to "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side." And what else could have prompted Carl Hubbell of the New York Giants to observe that this is an age of hurry-up people?

Hurry Breeds Panic

"I've seen motor car drivers who insist on being the car," he said. "On a long hill they lean forward, jaws set, muscles strained. Racing cars and airplanes aren't driven by tense, hurried men, but by calm and skillful ones. Looking at life from a pitcher's box, I don't think we have to break our necks to keep it up. If I should let the yells of the grandstand panic me into hasty action, I'd get tense and shoot wild. And life is that way, too, I guess."

Life, as Mr. Hubbell says, is precisely that way. Working hard seldom hurt anyone. But working hard under strain and tension, without adequate periods of relaxation, will eventually get even a superman down.

It is customary for the reader at this point to observe that a long life and a happy one do not necessarily synchronize. Nor, for that matter do a long life and a healthy one. And neither, when you come to think of it, do health and happiness.

And the reader is absolutely right. Robert Louis Stevenson never enjoyed good health. He was ailing all through the years of his marvelous literary production. Nevertheless, he wrote constantly, for writing was the breath of life to him, and he wrote with the vigor of a man enjoying a surplus of vitality. He had learned how to relax and conserve his pitifully small quota of energy. Yet his working credo was boldly aggressive. "For surely the love of life is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution." Stevenson hoarded his energy only because he wanted to squander it upon his work.

That, after all, is probably the most sensible reason for seeking to attain good health and longevity. Neither in itself is a completely satisfying goal. Nor does the combination guarantee happiness. There are plenty of human vegetables who have been living in a state of unhappy old-fogyism for years. ("Old fogyism," said William James, "begins at a younger age than we think. I am almost afraid to say so, but I believe that in the majority of human beings it begins at about twenty-five".)

This is not to say that good health and longevity are unimportant to the attainment of happiness. They are very important. They provide time and energy for accomplishing our aims, for realizing whatever happiness is peculiar to our individual desires and ideals. Leaders in all ages have followed their own programs of healthful living—usually based on nature's formula of work balanced with play and rest—in order to give the best to their work. Voltaire always ate alone, completely relaxed, because conversation excited him physically and impaired his digestive process. Edison's insatiable appetite for work inspired the myth that he never slept. He may never have had the prosaic habit of going to bed, but he most certainly restored his energy with adequate rest, for he had a cot in his office for short naps.

Old Age Creative Period

"When a man is old," said Goethe, "he must do more than when he is young." The creative workers of the world have been completely addicted to that idea—Victor Hugo, Galileo, Herbert Spencer, Handel, Corot—the list is endless. Corot at the age of seventy-seven wistfully said: "If the Lord lets me live two years longer, I think I can paint something beautiful." The old man who pursues creative activity often accomplishes his best work in the closing chapter of his life. He has found new reservoirs of energy. Balanced living has been his secret.

For successful work is like a marriage. It demands constancy. And like marriage it needs an antidote to monotony and strain.

But the antidote must be sensible. Doctors say that the recreation of the average executive—if he ever does play—is not wisely planned. Writing in *Industrial Medicine*, Dr. Harold C. Habein of the Mayo Clinic describes an executive as one who "rushes from his office to the golf club, dresses in a hurry, runs to the first tee, and is as tense on the course as though there were a $100 bet on each hole. The average executive does not have enough regular vacations, and when he does get away from his work for a short time, he tries to get his year's supply of sunshine and exercise in a few weeks. Frequently, the executive returns from such a vacation more tired physically and mentally than he was when he started. Week-ends are spent in too strenuous manner, rather than in rest and relaxation."

Hypertension, stomach ulcers and premature death can not be attributed solely to wartime strain and worry. They have been plaguing executives for years. They are symptoms of faulty living habits and a fetish for the strenuous life.

For all too often recreation has been interpreted as physical exercise—usually violent—which is the one serious danger of any national program of physical fitness planned by Ottawa. The campaign will not be basically sound if the need for mental stimulation is overshadowed by sport. Exercise can be beneficial to a person in good physical condition. Strenuous exercise can be positively lethal to a person with, for instance, incipient heart disease.

Hobbies Good for Health

Conversely, hobbies and mild exercise and various forms of mental activity are excellent health measures. They offer an effective immunity to old-fogyism. There are no better antidotes to monotony and strain. They do precisely what recreation should do and that is to recreate, to restore the vitality which has been depleted by the responsibilities and pressure of working hours. Designing clothes or walking, writing free verse or singing in the bathtub, collecting stamps or reading a good book—there's plenty of variety for all ages and physical conditions.

"More vacations are needed," said Dr. Edgar V. Allen of the Mayo Clinic when he addressed a group of executives and industrial physicians in Chicago. "If one could calculate the efficiency of an executive in terms of total contribution to an industry, one probably would find that, within certain limits, his contribution increased in proportion to his vacations. Some men find that a vacation of three days each month is more restful than one or three or four weeks each year." And Dr. Allen adds a hint for postwar planners:

"Each enlightened industry of the future may build a house on a hill, overlooking a peaceful valley and a wandering stream. There, periodically, will go each executive, to *rest much*, to converse little and to eat simply. Such deviation from the path that most executives follow can result only in clearer minds, more restful sleep, brighter eyes and recovery, in a degree at least, from all the annoying disharmonies of bodily function which impair health."

Dr. Allen concludes on a whimsical note: "The world would doubtless be better off if man had the habit of lying in bed one morning each week."

Actually, you see, it requires more courage and intelligence to adopt a program of balanced living than to follow the strenuous life.

And what office worker will deny that an iron will and intelligence are required for dynamic executives to say with Lin Yutang: "One must start out with a belief that there are no catastrophes in this world and that, besides the notable art of getting things done, there is the nobler art of leaving things undone"?

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THE LONDON LETTER

Brave Old Plumbers of England Have Their Own Set of Rules

By P. O'D.

A WHILE ago we had a little cold weather. Nothing much to speak of—though people do. In fact to hear them you might think the island had been towed up somewhere beyond the Arctic Circle, and the polar bears were hanging about o'nights to eat up stragglers on their way home from the pubs. All very funny, of course, to anyone familiar with the sort of winter weather people get in Canada, for instance.

As a matter of actual temperature and meteorological record, the English hard winter is rather a joke. But as a matter of feeling cold—ah, that is quite another story. And as a matter of frozen pipes, it is simply cataclysmic. Nowhere in the world do pipes freeze so regularly, solidly, and embarrassingly. The whole country is a plumber's paradise—or would be at present, if there were any plumbers left.

It may seem odd that, with temperatures falling little below freezing-point, this domestic icing-up should be so general, so almost inevitable. But the English plumber has taken care of that. Every pipe that he can possibly put out of doors he does, preferably on a north wall. If he can't do that, he puts it slap up against a wall, with no protection of any kind—which is almost as good.

Horizontal pipes are so constructed that they can never really be emptied; and stop-valves are hidden away among the rafters of the roof in the most inaccessible position possible. The amazing thing is that even plumbers can get at them. Not one householder in a hundred has more than the vaguest idea where they are. I certainly know that I haven't about mine.

Naturally this sort of thing has not gone on without protest from the drenched and shivering householder. Recently the newspapers have been filled with angry letters about it. Public bodies are also loud in their demand for reform. The Plumbing Committee, appointed by the Ministry of Works, gives first place in housing defects to the bad placing of pipes and tanks, resulting inevitably in freezing.

It demands that they should be placed well inside the house, where they would get the maximum protection from frost. So does the British Building Mission just returned from studying American methods. So do the Design of Dwellings Committee of the Ministry of Health, and the Scottish Housing Advisory Committee. Which seems to make it unanimous.

This is a very impressive official array, but plumbers are hard fellows to impress. What do they care for committees? So far as they are concerned, the right place for a pipe is on a north wall, preferably outside it. That's the way they have always done it, and that's the way they intend to go on doing.

The last time I tried to get a plumber to move inside the house an external pipe that had been freezing up every winter in the memory of mortal occupant, he looked at me in blank amazement. "But I couldn't do that," he said, "it's against the rules." He didn't say what rules—Marquis of Queensbury, perhaps—but there the pipe stayed, all nicely set for the next little frost, and the next little visit.

Expropriation Opposed

All over the country there are houses, buildings of many sorts, and pieces of land large and small, which might be described as occupied but not in use. They have been requisitioned for war purposes, the tide of war has ebbed away from them, and there they stand waiting for the Government Departments concerned to loose their grip. But that is something G.D.'s are very loath to do. Like bull-terriers in the same strategic position, they just shut their eyes and hang on.

Now the Government is bringing in a Bill for the compulsory acquisition by the State of the land taken over for war-purposes. Not all of it, of course, but land on which work of permanent value has been done—the construction of aerodromes, for instance. That the State should have such power seems only reasonable and right, but there is a good deal of anxiety as to just how it will be exercised. Knowing the great reluctance of officials to let go their hold, worried M.P.'s are protesting that the Bill gives too much power, that there are not enough safeguards.

The other day a Conservative deputation — yes, Conservative! — made representations against the measure, and put a motion for its rejection on the Order Paper. Possibly the Bill will be re-drafted. Whether it is or not, nothing but good can come from this sort of watchfulness and scrutiny. Even the most arrogant official is likely to step much more carefully with the watch-dogs sniffing suspiciously at his coat-tails. It keeps him from straying from the path.

Ex-Soldier Beggars

One of the grim sights of London after the last war was the begging of alleged ex-Service men in the streets, sometimes singly, sometimes in parties, sometimes masked, sometimes getting full value out of a woe-begone expression. It was a profitable line. The public is tender-hearted, ready to believe a soldier, and ready especially to believe that he is getting less than a square deal. There is a time-honored tradition to that effect. But, in cold fact, most of these men were shameless humbugs, and no more entitled to the war-ribbons they wore than to the sympathy that was lavished on them.

The same sort of thing has started up once again, but this time the authorities are taking a sterner line. There was even talk in the House of Commons the other day of making such street-begging illegal. No ex-Service man needs to go on the street to-day. If he does go, or somebody masquerading in the role, a law permitting the police to investigate his case would quickly put an end to this odious and humiliating line of graft. And no one would have so much reason to rejoice as real ex-Service men. They must hate it.

Late Arthur Symons

Memories of the 'Nineties are brought back by the announcement that Arthur Symons has died at Wittersham in Kent. He was just on 80, and had for years lived in retirement in this lovely little village—a retirement so complete that few of his fellow villagers had any idea of his literary eminence. For he was a very fine and subtle writer, this old gentleman who had been the intimate friend of Dowson and Lionel Johnson and Beardsley and Wilde and the other famous residents of that frontier of Bohemia which used to lie along the Charing Cross Road.

How far away and long ago it all seems now!—longer even than the half century that has elapsed. But beautiful and memorable work was done then, and some of the best of it, especially in criticism, by Arthur Symons.

Far removed from the quiet of the Welsh countryside, where he formerly served, is this "Rectory", which The Rev. L. Davies of Llanelly, N. Wales, established in a fox hole on the fighting front in Italy. He has been with the same unit for 3½ yrs.

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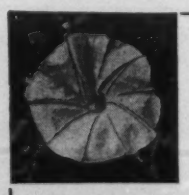

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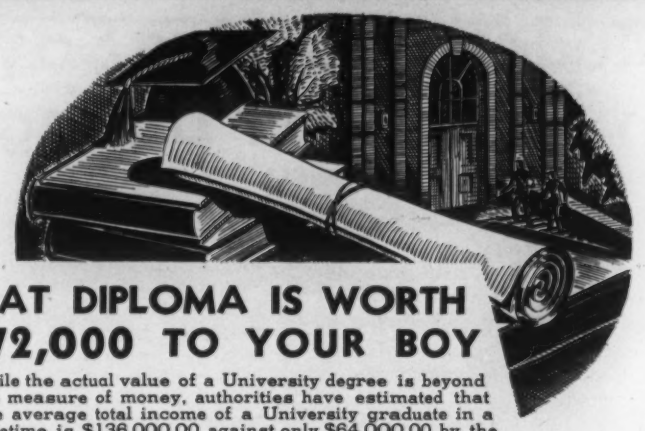

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ART AND ARTISTS

War Artist Carl Schaefer's Life Is No Dilettante's Existence

By PAUL DUVAL

IN THE days of peace before this war, Carl Schaefer was a painter of mellow Ontario landscapes: the rich, rolling farmlands, the gnarled appletrees and old barns of Bruce and Grey Counties. Examples of his work were sought out by major galleries, connoisseurs and collectors. Critics praised his work highly.

Today, the same Carl Schaefer spends his talents to record the grimness and mechanical complexities of modern war in the air. As an R.C.A.F. Official War Artist, the slip streams of heavy-bombers are more important to Schaefer than the rippling brooks of Canada, the billows of smoke from aircraft wreckage have replaced brooding cloudbanks, and in his paintings barracks are where silos used to be. His audience, when he has one, is composed not of critics and curators, but of the pilots and bombardiers and mechanics of the dromes which he has been assigned to cover abroad.

Schaefer, the war artist, has far from a warlike mien. Modest, mild-eyes, hesitant and soft of speech with just a trace of a drawl, he has a reflective rather withdrawn look that contrasts strikingly with his heavy military moustache and the thick black hair which sweeps straight back off his forehead. A man of few words, in the best sense of the phrase, Schaefer sometimes has difficulty in expressing his conceptions verbally; he never has difficulty, however, in forcefully and clearly expressing himself in paint.

Schaefer's love for painting manifested itself very early in his life. Brought up by his grandparents in Hanover, Ontario, young Carl used to work on off-days from school with his grandfather at a furniture factory helping as a finisher. As he daubed on the stain and rubbed it into the fine grain of a chair or table leg, he hankered to use it to make pictures with. Schaefer's itch to create never carried him so far as to steal a can of the finishing stain, but it did take him to Toronto, with his grandparent's blessing, to study art. That was in 1921. At the Ontario College of Art, where he studied, the youthful Schaefer won a number of scholarships and made for himself an enviable record. His heart was really in his work, and it was no secret that he had a distinguished career before him.

Actual on-the-spot pencil sketches by R.C.A.F. War Artist Carl Schaefer serve as "memos" for future studio compositions. On board ship he records activities of Coastal Command.

A Landscape Painter

After leaving college, Schaefer turned his hand to many different sorts of art work. He was employed for a time by the merchandise display department of a large Toronto store. He travelled about his native province doing the often treacherous job of decorating the domes and interiors of rural churches. He also decorated apartment houses and office buildings and, in his spare time, went right on with his serious landscape painting.

Schaefer's landscapes began to attract attention in exhibitions as his talents grew richer and stronger. Public recognition came his way increasingly and he was elected to a number of important societies. Just before he was selected as an Official War Artist, honors were coming to this Canadian artist fast. He was appointed Director of Art at Hart House, University of Toronto, elected President of the Canadian Water Color Society, and Vice-President of the important Canadian Group of Painters.

The crowning award of Schaefer's pre-war career came when he received one of the coveted Guggenheim Fellowships, the only Canadian artist ever to do so. It provided for a year's study and work in the United States, with a substantial cash sum. Schaefer spent most of his fellowship year painting in New England, and his work there won the respect of outstanding American painters and galleries. When he returned once more to Canada in the summer of 1941 he brought with him a rich collection of paintings and an increased reputation.

Overseas in 1943

When Official War Artists began to be appointed to record the life of Canada's fighting men in paint for future generations, Schaefer was one of the first to go. Appointed by the Royal Canadian Air Force, he was commissioned as a Pilot Officer (he has since been advanced to Flight-Lieutenant) and shipped overseas early in 1943.

If, as is generally accepted, quiet and leisure for reflection are prime requisites for artistic creation, then Schaefer has had little of either in his nearly two years abroad as an artist in battledress. V-bombs, rockets and enemy raids on 'dromes that he had been ordered to "cover", are hardly conducive to an artist's best work. Yet despite the many handicaps —like getting only four hours' sleep for weeks on end—Schaefer has brought back from the battlefront of the air a very striking batch of pictorial reports, mostly in water color. Some of them are among the most dramatic things this artist has done. They depict an immense variety of themes, ranging in subject-matter from actual Allied bombing attacks (Schaefer was on operations with all three Air Commands), to enemy raids on our own R.C.A.F. 'dromes, Spitfires manoeuvering in battle and relatively peaceful scenes showing aircraft maintenance and airmen at rest.

How do Canada's Official War Artists abroad, like Schaefer, go about their work? Well, first of all, each of the Services—the Navy, the Army and the Air Force—has its own group of painter-correspondents serving directly under its command, and to each of them go all of the paintings created by artists working for them. Naval artist-correspondents cover home and foreign ports, life aboard the various types of vessels, and actual operations on the high seas. Army art-reporters are with the forces at the front in Italy, and France or wherever else our troops may happen to be. The same goes for Schaefer's group, the Official R.C.A.F. Artists.

All Official War Artists receive commissions, but they get none of the special privileges and more easy-going freedom which is the lot of the average civilian war correspondent. Schaefer and his painter colleagues are subject to all of the rules and regulations of enlisted military personnel. The strict formalities of dress are probably the most trying discipline to artists like Schaefer who always affected a slightly sloppy individualism in their peace-time dress. The artist, moving as he does constantly in and out of a paint-laden studio, sensibly resigns himself to baggy and spotted trousers and unpressed jackets—but all that is over now for Canada's artist-correspondents.

Camera an Aid

Schaefer, like the other artist-correspondents, carries a small but first-rate camera with him when covering assignments to make notes of mechanical details which it would be impossible to retain in the memory, yet which are essential to the kind of factual reporting expected of him. The actual on-the-spot sketches themselves, in Schaefer's case, are mostly quick pen, pencil and water-color notes of special effects and suggestions for future compositions. Several paintings have already been worked up in London from these sketches in conjunction with photographs. Schaefer modestly explains that most of the material he has brought back with him from abroad is not to be judged as final, but mostly in the nature of "memos" which will later be incorporated in larger canvases.

It is clear from Schaefer's reluctant account that the job of artist-correspondent is no bed of roses. It is also a fact that at least one English artist in battledress, Eric Ravilious, has lost his life on active duty, and at least one American has been killed on the job. Torontonian George Pepper, official artist with the Canadian Army in the invasion, was reported missing until he turned up well ahead of the Canadian front. He had travelled into German territory, been surrounded and then, after many scrapes, managed to slip back to the safety of his own lines. So let no one think for a moment that a war artist is an "arty chap" who sits in a warm, comfortable studio well out of the sound of gunfire, illustrating from official reports the daring-do of his fellow countrymen fighting miles away. For he shares all of the cramping inconveniences and danger of other sailors, soldiers and airmen —and records those difficulties and dangers into the bargain. Such creation in the midst of destruction, need it be said, is hardly the most natural thing, either psychologically and physically.

In Buzz-bomb Raid

In his affable, hesitant manner, Schaefer is all praise for the exploits and achievements of his fellow-artist correspondents, and expresses mild surprise that anyone should be very interested in the fact that a buzz-bomb blew a pub up from beneath him in London. Schaefer was sitting talking shop with three other Canadians, Captain George Pepper, Commander Harold Beament and Lieut. Commander "Tony" Law in a tavern near London's St. James's Square when the whole place suddenly lurched and the walls caved in with a thud. When Schaefer and his companions came to sometime later they found themselves the only ones in the place left alive, except for a middle-aged couple half-buried in the rubble. Schaefer and his friends started to extricate the other two survivors when, fortunately, a rescue-squad arrived and "gave them hell" for their efforts. They were all bluntly informed that if they had got much further in their rescue attempt what remained of the tavern would have caved in and they would have joined the other victims. Wiser in the ways of war, Schaefer soberly returned to his lodgings to attempt to work on a painting.

The shock of the bombing experience had been so terrific that it wasn't until later that Schaefer discovered that glass fragments had opened a deep gash in the back of his head. Unversed in the subtle nature of shock, he had his head bandaged and returned to his painting. Two days later he collapsed. After being informed that he was lucky to be alive, he was ordered away for a short rest.

Here comes possibly one of the most revealing evidences of the effect that war can have upon the human psyche. When Schaefer went up into the quiet pastoral lands about fifteen miles north of Greater London, he decided to return for a few days to his old love—landscape painting. He sat himself and his easel down to portray, after a year-and-a-half's layoff from such things, a small rural scene under a light summer sky, much like similar scenes in the Ontario he knew so well. But when he set his brush to paper he found he "couldn't do a damn thing". More than eighteen months' visual concentration on fuselages, hangars and wind-socks, searchlights, flak and wrecked hulks of planes had completely neutralized his feeling for peaceful landscape. Schaefer does not fear that he has lost forever his ability to do the mellow landscapes and woods of his native land, but he realizes that he will have to wait until his war job is finally done before returning to them.

At the moment of writing Flight Lieutenant Carl Schaefer is home after more than two years away, once more among the rich fields and gnarled trees of the Ontario countryside he loves. He is at the family home in Hanover, with Lillian, his North Dakota-born wife and their two sons, Mark and Paul, awaiting recall to cover new zones of action. He hopes eventually to be sent to another front which he hopes will profit his art and broaden his creative outlook.

But, wherever Schaefer is sent, we can be sure that he will record the exploits of our flying men at war not only authentically, but in a way that is worthy of them.

That even youngsters of nursery school age can learn the rudiments of First Aid has been demonstrated in England. These tots realize how important it is to be able to assist with buzz-bomb casualties. Here a group of five-year-olds in a nursery school at Beddington, Surrey, demonstrate knowledge they have gained.

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GREAT SON, a novel, by Edna Ferber. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.00.)

SINCE the American Way for a full century has been to get and keep on getting, the time has come to balance the books by a long course of giving. That is the theme of this notable novel. It is written with passionate love for the scene which is Seattle. There, it seems that all things, people included, are more than life-size and still as hazy, romantic, and incredible as Mount Ranier itself which broods above the city.

Miss Ferber's characters are vivid as a flame; much more alive than if they were actual citizens sitting for portraits. Yet each is cunningly fashioned as a type to bring the getting era into clear understanding, and to ask silent but fierce questions about the future. One thinks of the Church of Laodicaea—"because thou sayest, 'I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing,' and knowest not that thou art wretched . . . and poor . . . and blind."

The Melendy clan has been go-getting since Seattle was a log hut in a forest wilderness. Great Grandmother, still active, urgent, vitriolic, at 92, was daughter of one of a hundred Mercer girls, brought from New England around Cape Horn to marry pioneers of Washington State. Her husband, Jotham, acquired land by hundreds of square miles. Her son Vaughan gathered much gold in the Klondike and acquired a son by a mistress, his wife being childless. He brought the mistress back to live in Seattle in full sight—and friendliness—of the clan.

This son, legitimate by consent if not by law, goes to War I and comes back (rather muddle-headed) to marry a career-woman, who periodically deserts him for the Stage. Their son, Michael, is a Modern, the "Great Son" of the book-title, unimpressed either by his family or by conventional *clichés*, unfettered by prejudice, unspoiled by money. He is about ready to make his protest against the mad world by going north to join the R.C.A.F. when Pearl Harbor is bombed. In a vast hurry he marries a young Jewish-American refugee from Germany and is last seen as a happy warrior in the South Seas, fighting for a fifth generation son now well on the way.

Miss Ferber in a foreword apologizes for treating a big theme in a concentrated manner, when she might have written a tome of 1,800 pages "so tough on the stomach muscles while reading in bed." She needn't have troubled. A clumsy novelist can write the big fellows. Only an artist can pour a quart into a pint pot and get away with it.

In brief, she has done a big job incomparably well, despite some imaginative geography and some doubtful passages in her Klondike section. But the life of the people is so fresh and vigorous that no minor faults are worth consideration.

•

Lighter Look at China

By D. P. O'HEARN

CHINA TO ME, by Emily Hahn. (McClelland and Stewart, $3.75.)

THOSE who have read of China exclusively through the eyes of Edgar Snow, Agnes Smedley and others who have been trying to make known the cause of the depressed Chinese masses may well profit from this book of Miss Hahn's. Of late all the prominent writing on China has been on the deeply serious side, and though no complaint can be offered against this, "China to Me" is a welcome reminder that there is more to the country than a political problem.

An American newspaperwoman, Miss Hahn, arrived in China on a visit in 1935 and was so attracted that she didn't leave until 1943 when she came back on the exchange ship *Gripsholm*. In her eight years in China she did much writing including the well-known biography "The Soong Sisters", saw a lot of the country, went through a marriage of convenience with a Chinese and lived through the occupation and not as uncomfortably as some, in Hong Kong.

In this biography of her Chinese years she does not entirely ignore causes but concentrates mainly on the narrative of her experiences and impressions. It is interesting reading.

•

Meet a Freight Train

POGO'S TRAIN RIDE, by Jo and Ernest Norling. (Oxford, $1.50.)

JOHN and his dog Pogo in other books have been taken around to see things and learn how they work. This time Father trots them down to the roundhouse where the engines are kennelled and then to the freight yards to learn about loading and switching, and then for a ride in the caboose. Excellent for eight-to-teners, and not bad for older ones as well.

•

Good Verse

BIRTH IS FAREWELL, Poems, by Dilys Bennett Laing. (Collins, $2.00.)

POETRY with thought in it is perhaps not as common as the exclamatory sort, which reflects feelings, or the ghosts of feelings, momentarily experienced. For that reason the work of this author brings, to one reader at least, a large measure of satisfaction. Her themes are of the emotions, but still have an intellectual or reasoned content, all the brighter for the graces of phrase and figure.

Most of the poems in this collection speak of death as release for all created things, but they are not in praise of death. The author's indignation at the obscenity of war is as sharp as anyone's, but still there is an undertone of wonder at the twin mysteries, birth and death, and at infinity which transcends them. Here is a remedy for madness:

I give you the vision of death. If every man
remembered every day that he must die
he would not break his heart for power or money
but break it up as bread and give it away.

One of the notable poems in the book is an elegy for an engineer. Here is a sample of its quality:

If I could set my foot upon a bridge
of your design and cross the computed river
to find myself, not on the anchored bank,
but in an hour unclocked, a space unreckoned,
might I not then past deafness hear your voice,
and beyond blindness see you walking towards me
affectionately, as you used to come
with old jests and unaging joy in work?

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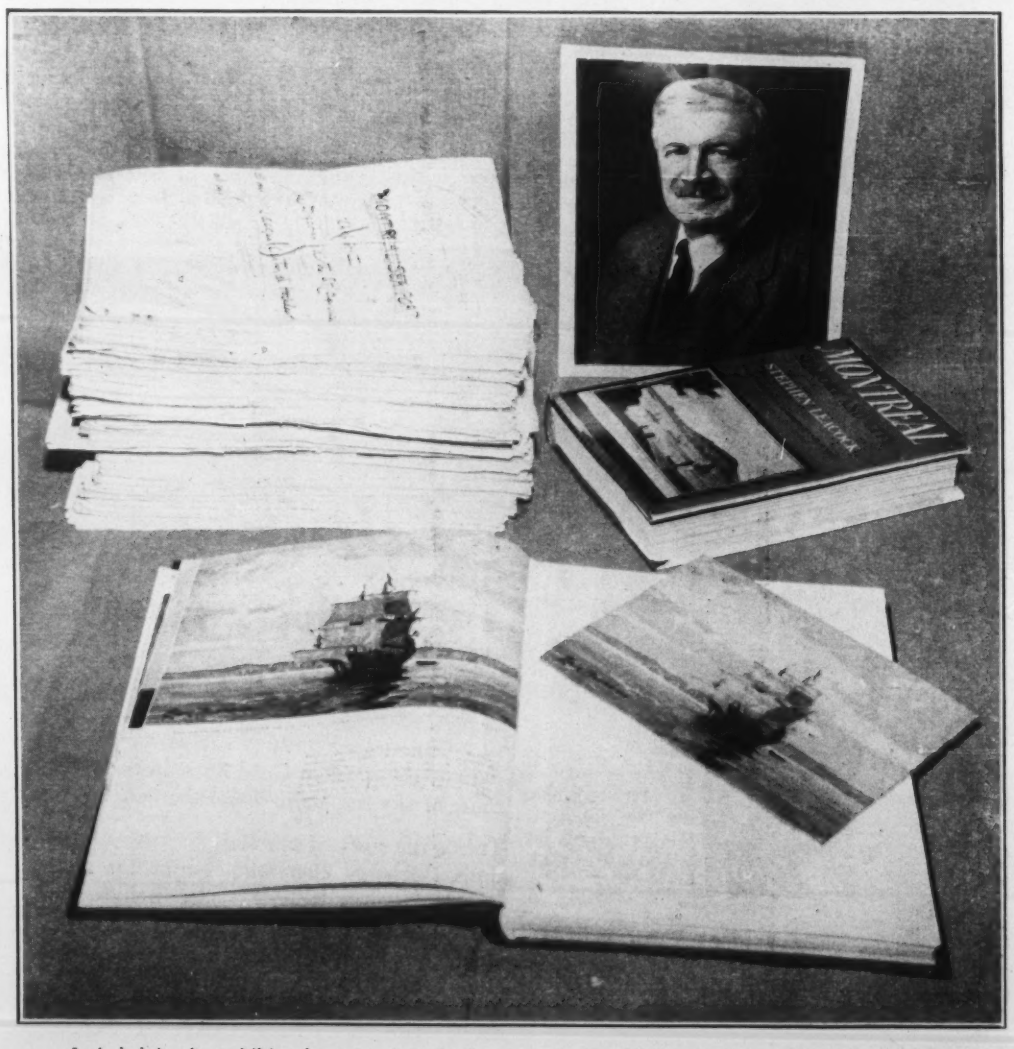

Included in the exhibit of manuscripts, books, magazine articles and photographs of Canada's famed humorist, Stephen Leacock, now on display in the Redpath Library, McGill University, is the manuscript of Montreal: Seaport and City. The pile of dog-eared sheets covered with Leacock's writing is seen above and, beside the manuscript a copy of the book as it appeared in print. In the foreground is an opened volume of Canada's War At Sea, and the original painting of the Griffon, one of 12 oils by Lt. Eric Riordon, R.C.N.V.R., given to McGill by A. M. Beatty, president of Publications Limited, publishers of Canada's War At Sea, in which Dr. Leacock collaborated. A photograph of the late Dr. Leacock stands behind the copy of Montreal.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Revenge No Sweeter than Comfort When Casanova Is Elderly

By DOROTHY KEEN

HE SLANTED an oblique glance at his reflection in the French doors.

No doubt about it, formal black and white was the thing to set a fellow off.

A quick flick, and an imaginary speck vanished from the gleaming white shirt front. He crossed to the door, hesitated, then turned back to settle comfortably into the depths of a cushioned chair in front of the fire.

A little early yet. Your jungle-wise hunter knows that the best time to stalk his quarry is well after dark. Even if the "jungles" are the local night-spots, and the quarry a fascinating bundle of blondish allure.

She was a pretty thing! What was it they called her type in the peculiar language he'd heard his young friends use? "Snake-hips." No, that was dated. "Kitten-hips," that was it. Somehow it fitted her fluid, almost boneless, young body as aptly as the name Casanova belonged to his own predatory self.

He breathed deep, tuneless notes away down in his throat. They'd made a handsome pair last night — she so luminously blonde — he, with his black head and close-set faun ears. The humming took a contented key.

There had been a spark, electric as the crackle of fur on a frosty night, in the flash from eye to eye when he first glimpsed her gyrating slowly with that sandy stripling. It had been almost too easy to insinuate himself into their party, to segregate her with the experienced subtlety of the boulevardier, and to leave "Sandy" helpless with fury.

He yawned, then relaxed even more limply into the chair.

The stripling had been annoyed, then threatening and finally vituperative. It had been downright amusing until then—until his snarled savagery rose to a screeching yell, "Moth-eaten old has-been." At that, Casanova's eyes narrowed to slits. But he remained suave, apparently unruffled, and so retained mastery of the situation. No need to face the possibility of humiliating physical defeat. And it would be fatal to his prestige to admit the episode was worth fighting over. There were other ways to teach the young fool a much-needed lesson—and without danger to oneself.

Indeed he paved the way last night when Kitten-hips had positively purred flattered assent to his suggestion of a rendezvous. In her set, to be chosen by Casanova was to be ticketed Desirable. Even now, he was killing time, dozing before the fire till it was time to meet her.

It would be very satisfying to his male ego to take her away from "Sandy." He had to prove that the "moth-eaten old has-been" could beat a brash amateur at the game of love. Not that he particularly wanted 'Kitten-hips," but she was the exquisite little weapon ready to his hand—and he'd use her. And it wouldn't hurt her, either. He knew her type—out for a thrill, and with a feline urge to try out her fascination.

Yes, Casanova knew just how to make his young rival squirm. Hadn't he suffered in exactly the same way —felt the same keen anguish that he was planning to hand out to Sandy?

He stirred, as an old memory stung. His eyes closed against the glare of the fire.

"Kitty!" He hadn't thought of her for a long, long time. She'd been fluffy and wide-eyed and desirable, too—just like Kitten-hips. But Kitty's head was a deeper tawny tone, and all Egypt lurked behind her eyes.

She lived next door. For a long time he was only vaguely aware of the small female creature that slipped fleetly in and out of the house, or played absurd pat-ball games in the garden. Young Casanova was too absorbed in his own rapidly maturing world to notice her much.

Ah, Spring!

Then one Spring day he was staring out of the window, when she came demurely round the corner of the house. A bored glance down, a swift glance up and a message was given and received.

He stirred uneasily, then once more slipped into an almost doze.

How heartbreakingly young they were, he and Kitty! What a naive game they played each day! He would wait at the window with elaborate unconcern till she came out and, with a coquettish upward glance, summon him to her side.

The days were theirs—golden days that poured Spring sunshine over their sleek, lithe bodies as they lay side by side in the garden, soaking up its ardent warmth. And nights! Moon-mad and filled with eerie music! They owned the world.

Then she left him. Suddenly, callously, without reason—and went off with a sophisticated gallant with patches of grey over his ears and an experienced way with wide-eyed females.

For days Casanova retreated from his world, to lick his wounds. It was then that he learned cynicism and a deep, biting contempt for things female. Kitty did her work well. But her sisters were to suffer for it. For when he emerged he was the Casanova of to-day—suave, cynical, bored and completely fascinating to such soft, pretty things as Kitten-hips and her kind.

Oh, yes! He knew how to make Sandy pay for that snarled "Old has-been."

A coal plopped suddenly on to the hearth and exploded into a miniature torch. Casanova woke, stretched his black and white magnificence and made for the door. Kitten-hips was waiting and so was his revenge on Sandy.

"Stepping out, old man?" a voice inquired, and its owner opened the front door to let Casanova pass. " 'Cherchez la femme' I suppose. But you've got a rotten night for it."

Casanova paused. Icy needles of rain laced across his face. He took one step over the threshold, then glanced back.

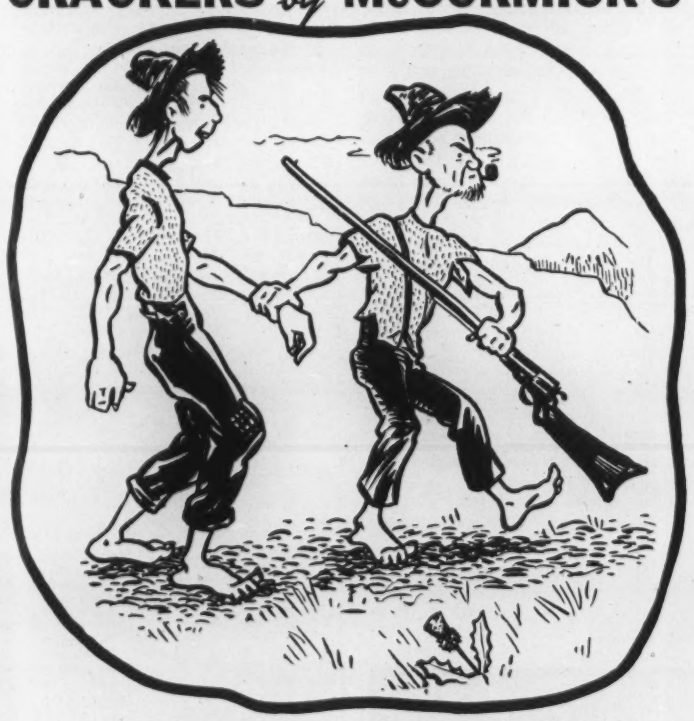
"Make up your mind. Which is it to be—in or out?" The voice was a shade impatient and the door was closed a trifle to shut out the driving rain and Casanova.

Casanova hesitated no longer. He wheeled and stalked back into the house.

To the devil with love!

Let Sandy yowl insults from a back fence. Let Kitten-hips swish her tail in fury.

Home, a fire and a cushioned chair were much more important to a middle-aged tom-cat on a rainy night!



A mountaineer led his overgrown son into a schoolhouse.

"This here boy's after larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o'fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," said the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry . . ."

"That'll do," interrupted the father. "Fix him up with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."

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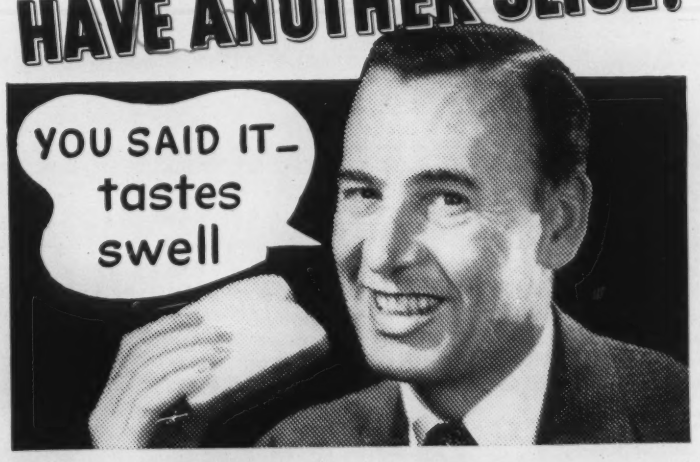

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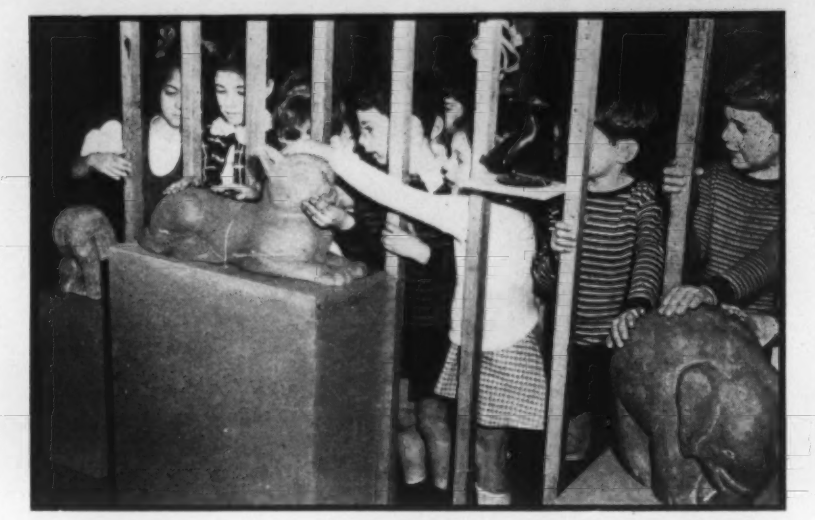

At this unique Circus of Modern Art, held at the New York Museum of Modern Art, children are permitted to reach through the bars and handle the sculptured animals. Then they are encouraged to try their hands at some of their own. Both benches and modeling clay are provided.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Reginald Godden and T.S.O. in Prokofieff's Symphony No. 3

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

YEAR by year the young Canadian pianist, Reginald Godden, grows in artistic stature and technical mastery of his chosen instrument. Opinion may have been divided as to the musical merits of the Pianoforte Concerto No. 3 of Serge Prokofieff, but among all interested in the sheer craft of pianism there was unanimity as to the brilliance and power of Mr. Godden in the solo part in co-operation with Sir Ernest MacMillan and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. It was the first performance of the work in this city, but some weeks ago Mr. Godden aroused enthusiasm by his rendering of the Concerto with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra under Reginald Stewart.

Though the work is new to Canada, I had the privilege of hearing it played by Prokofieff himself early in 1921 with the old New York Symphony Society under Walter Damrosch. It was, I believe, the second performance of the work anywhere, it having been played not long previously at Chicago. To that city, the composer had journeyed from Russia to supervise a production of his unique little opera "Love of the Three Oranges" by the Chicago Opera, of which Mary Garden was then impresario.

We have since heard so much modern music of a quasi-barbaric character, that the Concerto, though startling and stimulating, is no longer sensational. But judge of its effect nearly a quarter of a century ago on the ears of a public to which Beethoven and Brahms constituted the last word in symphonic music!

No Tame Canary

In Carnegie Hall they had a social side-lobby where at intermission members of the orchestra could come out and smoke cigarettes with friends from the audience. Amid a throng of faces strange to me whom should I come upon but the familiar and delightful countenance of the great flutist, Georges Barrère. He had just given a brilliant personal account of himself in support of Prokofieff. I asked him what he thought of the Concerto. His eyes twinkled and he shrugged: "What do I think; well, I think that this young man is no tame canary. How is our friend Dr. Vogt?"

Others were more outspoken. In 1921 New York Germans were getting back to their old belief that Carnegie Hall was an extension of German territory to which music lovers of other races were admitted only by courtesy. I heard two sturdy Teutons talking: "Dis is an outrage!" said one. "Yah, it iss damnable," said the other. Grim anger pervaded them; the sacred precincts had been polluted by the intrusion of such music. Could they have foreseen the musical conquest Russia was to make in North America during the ensuing two decades their sense of outrage would have been deeper still.

Prokofieff was born in 1891, and there is this to be said for the old Czarist regime that under its system of education no lad of musical promise lacked opportunity for intensive study and recognition. The names of his teachers are all illustrious, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff, Tcherepnine and the great pianist, Anna Essipoff. He graduated from the Petrograd Conservatory in 1914 with highest honors as a pianist and commenced a tour of many lands which did not bring him back to Russia (by this time Bolshevik) for years.

He has experimented at times daringly with every musical form; but he is so versatile that it would be unwise to name any special work as definitely characteristic. Who would think that the later work "Peter and the Wolf", with gentle tunes known to millions of children, was from the same hand as the Piano Concerto No. 3 (one of five in all).

Febrile and Restless?

When he composed the latter work, the young Russian was apparently trying to make the pianoforte say more than it had ever said before, and to make the orchestra do things it had never done before. The method of development is riotous, but marked by a swift emotional stimulus, not very profound but full of color and zest. I remember thinking when I first heard it, that the music was febrile and restless, and therefore not destined to live. But perhaps it is due to the fact that we live in a febrile, restless age that it stirs a new generation even more than it did those who heard it in 1921. In writing his riotous music, Prokofieff confidently aimed at a display of his own technical mastery as a pianist. It is to the honor of Mr. Godden that he can deal with this music with such power, lucidity and enthusiasm. Sir Ernest's rendering of the orchestral part was also full of fire and abandon.

Taken as a whole the program was finely contrasted. The purely orchestral items were far from strenuous: two felicitous overtures "Figaro" and "Barber of Seville"; a Mozart Symphony, and Ravel's enchanting "Mother Goose" suite,—all delightfully rendered.

The Pops Are Growing

The fortnightly "Pop" concerts of T.S.O., inaugurated three months ago, assume greater importance as the season proceeds. Last week the program included choral features, provided by the Leslie Bell Singers, a distinguished organization which first became known to the public through the concerts of the Casavant Society. It was originally called the "Alumnae Choir", comprised of young women who already had musical backgrounds. The personal enthusiasm that every member brings to her task gives unique musical quality to all interpretations. The organization now numbers about fifty voices, and the range and evenness of its tone embracing at least three octaves gives unusual beauty to its declamation, reinforced by colorful emotional expression. Advanced musicianship was revealed in all the numbers sung last week. Of outstanding interest was a group of part-songs by Brahms, including "The Death of Trenar" and "The Gardener", for which the composer devised an accompaniment of two French-horns (Mary Robb Barrow and R. H. Barrow) and harp (Maud Craig). The ethereal beauty and vivid expression of the choristers was rendered the more vivid by their lovely augmentation. In numbers by Schubert, Bloom and others the young women were equally appealing and the audience could not get enough of them. Mr. Bell is assuredly in the first rank as a choral trainer.

The orchestral program was admirable. Sir Ernest took a step on many occasions advocated on this page—that of giving individual movements from the great symphonies. His choice for this occasion was the last movement of Brahms, No. 1, which contains a glorious Chorale that is as "popular" as it is exalted. Sir Ernest's rendering has always been supremely fine, well in line with the most famous of his contemporaries. The memorable Introduction to Part II of Pierne's "Children's Crusade" also made a deep impression; and there was plenty of lighter music to serve by way of diversion.

THE THEATRE

The Student Prince is Here Again

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"THE Student Prince", that sturdy musical-comedy backlog of the Schubert fortunes, turned up for a local engagement this week and was greeted by an enthusiastic audience, most of whom had undoubtedly seen it before. Thanks to tireless Schuberts it is almost impossible to reach maturity in any fair-sized city on the continent without seeing "The Student Prince"; and after the lapse of a few years it is almost impossible to remember if what you saw was "The Student Prince" or "Blossom Time". In both operettas there is the same air of old-fashioned *gemutlichkeit*, the same set of genial characters with nothing much to do except sit about at little tables and drink and make love and sing about love and drinking, the same Sigmund Romberg music, sweet and lingering and returning on itself, like syrup wound round a spoon.

The large company at the Royal Alexandra was in good voice and spirits and gave each of the favorite melodies—the Drinking Song, the Serenade, Deep in my Heart—twice over, da capo, without having to wait for an encore. Frank Farrell as Prince Karl Franz has an agreeable tenor voice and if he seemed overemotional about young love and student life he got plenty of fatherly support from his tutor (Alexander Gray) a competent performer, as handsome as waxworks. Laurel Hurley made a sprightly Kathy and Maude Reade an overwhelmingly comic Grand Duchess. The chorus was as attractive as it is possible for a chorus to be dressed in mob-caps and dirndls.

The performance was not entirely flawless. One or two voices were detectably off-pitch and some of the members of the chorus couldn't quite identify themselves with the old Heidelberg student spirit, but just stood about rather vaguely waving beermugs. It didn't seem to matter much however. The values of "The Student Prince" like its tunes and libretto, are deeply sentimental, and its popularity has become a matter of affectionate habit.

Alec Templeton, blind musical humorist, who comes to Eaton Auditorium for a recital on March 9.

SELLS THREE STORIES TO LEADING MAGAZINES

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THE FILM PARADE

Hollywood's Religious Revival; Is It Another Success Story?

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"THE Keys of the Kingdom" is an admirable if rather exhausting film which leaves you feeling that its author, Dr. A.J. Cronin, had bitten off rather more than he could chew and then, superhumanly, had managed to chew it after all. The story covers the life of its central character from eight to eighty years of age, and this takes time—two hours and seventeen minutes, to be exact. Even at that Father Chisholm's story emerges as thumb-nail biography rather than full-length portraiture. Faced by so much material the screen-writer could only skip from one crisis to the next, dwelling over some particularly dramatic or affecting scene and then hastily dropping ten or twenty years to make up for lost time.

In the beginning the hero (Gregory Peck) has no flaming sense of a priestly vocation. But an abortive and rather briskly synopsized love-affair sends him into the priesthood, and eventually he reaches the Chinese mission field. Here he encounters and deals with poverty, native opposition, the cynicism of rice Christians, the opposition of a difficult mission nun, revolution, plague, flood and fire. Returning home in his old age Father Chisholm takes up duty in a small Scottish parish only to have trouble turn up again, in the form of an icy and doctrinaire prelate (Sir Cedric Hardwicke.) He wins that battle too and finally settles down to finish out his days in peace.

At its best "The Keys of the Kingdom" is an affectionate study of a valiant and simple life. But it lacks the fine, crochety sense of character that made "Going My Way" such a moving triumph. What is even more disturbing is that it is obviously part of a success-cycle. One feels that Hollywood while busy writing fine, reverent screen treatments with its right hand is briskly checking the box office with its left, and that each hand knows perfectly well what the other hand is up to.

Of the Players

Gregory Peck is an attractive actor with a wistful sensitive face that makes him look exactly like Roddy MacDowell grown up. (In "The Keys of the Kingdom" he *is* Roddy MacDowell grown up.) He is handsomely supported by Rose Stradner as the mission nun, (with whom he establishes an amiable Darby and Joan relationship before the picture is over) and by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Edmund Gwenn, Vincent Pride, Thomas Mitchell, and Sarah Allgood. It is an impressive and very expensive picture, but I think I should have enjoyed it more if "The Song of Bernadette" weren't immediately in the offing, with "Embezzled Heaven" and "The Robe" just beyond, and a remake of "The Sign of the Cross" looming up overwhelmingly in the distance. The elevated quality, the reverent tone and the awe-inspiring production behind these pictures is undeniable; but so is the spirit of brisk commercial enterprise. Everything is made as easy and entertaining as possible for the movie-goer who is seeking elevation. It's a little like being taken to heaven by scenic funicular.

Authentic War Film

There are moments when "The Fighting Lady," with its reeling colors and strangely geometrical patterns may remind you of "Fantasia." Like "Fantasia" it is something unprecedented on the screen. Unlike "Fantasia" its intensity of sound fury and design has heartshaking significance.

This is the story of an American flattop and of its crew and fighting men in training and action. In the early sequences the camera ranges through every part of the incredible craft during the long period of preparation and waiting. Then when action begins, it goes aloft with the fighters and bombers and focusses right down the gun-barrels as the fighting shifts over Marcus Island, over Guam and Kwagalein and the Marianas.

The greater part of war, we are reminded by the commentator (Lieut. Robert Taylor) is spent in waiting; and the period of waiting as it dwindles down to the last few moments before the fighting takeoff has a tension and poignancy that only the camera could catch, at only one moment, in the faces of fighting men. The actual scenes of combat have by contrast the exact and calculated quality of geometry. The flak streaks across the screen in thinly drawn scarlet lines, the planes sweep out in huge arcs against the fierce blue of sky and sea. Then the riddled planes limp back to hurtle across the carrier deck, and the exhausted and wounded pilots are dragged from the cockpits, shocking you into a realization that the film's visual splendor had almost made you forget—that this is an authentic combat record made by the men who flew out the planes, some of them never to return.

The film was made under the supervision of the famous photographer Edward Steichen, which means that every shot is calculated for drama. It is a very different sort of drama however from any you will see in studio-made war pictures. Even the most elaborate studio has no resources to match reality.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Headline History Interpreted for Youthful Listeners

By MARY LILE BENHAM

Anne Francis

TWICE a week the boys and girls of Western Canada hear the calm, assured voice of Anne Francis saying something like this on her radio program, Headline History: "A jungle is a strange place. I've been in jungles and they give you a closed-in feeling. In the first place the air is so hot and heavy and steamy, it's really exactly like being in a hothouse . . . an enormous hothouse that you can't possibly get out of. And then the light is queer, in a way it's rather like being in the bottom of the sea. The trees are so tall and the vines make such a thick netting that when the sunlight streams through it makes a green watery light, just as if the sun's rays were filtering down through green sea water. The leaves make all sorts of shadows too. Of course that's the reason the Australian militiamen and the American marines camouflage themselves by covering their brown uniforms with daubs of green paint. They sometimes call these camouflaged uniforms jungle zoot suits."

As a matter of fact, the program has a large adult listening audience too, but is intended primarily for high school boys and girls. It is broadcast over the CBC Western network from Winnipeg, and is the only out-of-school background newscast in Canada. Anne Francis says she tries to stimulate her young listeners, in whose hands the long-term peace will rest, to an awareness of what the news means to them, and to give them historical perspective and understanding. The value is psychological as well as educational. Boys and girls can be spared much fear and insecurity by being told the whole truth about the news.

When East Prussia was in the news, Headline History told of the heritage of that land, of a long line of Junkers and their lust for property, money and power. The story went back to the time of the Crusades. When Chartres was in the news, her listeners got a vivid word-picture of the Chartres Cathedral and were told the story of Europe's cathedrals, of the years and years it took to build them and of the thousands of people that took part in the building . . . masons and sculptors, and glass-makers and architects; and of the gargoyles and chimera and griffons and how these strange creatures were born. She talks about wadis and minarets, rice-growing in Burma, and what Napoleon looked like. This last after she heard that a pupil had been asked to describe Napoleon to his class and he had answered, "Oh, I didn't think he looked like anything, I thought he was one of those historical characters."

In fact, she takes a headline, uses it as a hat-peg, and thereby hang her histories.

It was in 1942, after Gloria Chandler of the Association of Junior Leagues of America had been in Winnipeg giving a Radio Institute, that Anne Francis had the inspiration for her broadcast series. In her direct way, she took her idea straight to the Minister of Education. In October, under the auspices of the Manitoba Department of Education, she started writing and delivering three weekly five-minute background newscasts for boys and girls on Station CKY, Winnipeg, which continued until June, 1943. In October of that year she began broadcasting the fifteen-minute programs twice a week, which she is still doing, taking time off only in the summer months. This goes over the Western network of CBC, complete coverage from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, and one station in Montana. In addition she sends one script a week, rewritten for American audiences, to Oklahoma where it is broadcast under the joint sponsorship of the Junior League and the Board of Education.

There is a constant alert gleam in Anne Francis' eye, and she wears her fly-away grey hair off her ears . . . all the better for them to prick up, my dear. She is a newshound, haunting every newspaper morgue in town; but she has the most delightful home-made filing system as well. Folders marked 'Pacific', 'Russia', and so on, are all pot-bellied with clippings. Having travelled from one end of Canada to the other and all over the United States, Europe, the West Indies, South America and North Africa, she can give the sights, sounds and smells of the places she is describing which, of course, bring 'em back alive.

Tough Critic

She has parked her typewriter in Philadelphia, New York, Washington and Montreal, finally naturalizing in Winnipeg. She barged around with economic prima donnas for three summers at the Institute of Politics at Williams College. And so she has the breadth of vision which enables her to see the forest rather than the individual trees. She tries to decide what is really significant and stick to a few ideas and not clutter up the program with minutiae. Anne Francis is a tough critic herself, but she humbly submits to the blue pencil of Mr. Dan Cameron, Talks Producer of the CBC, whom she trusts.

And what of Anne Francis herself? In private life she is Florence Bayard Bird, wife of John Bird, Editor-in-Chief of the Winnipeg *Tribune*. Born within nodding distance of Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia in 1908, daughter of Dr. John H. W. Rhein, Professor of Neurology, she was brought up in a home which was a madhouse of music. All the 'big shots' in medicine, psychiatry, and politics, all the literati, blew in and out and relieved their intellectual feelings by banging out music while they were there. Anne Francis was fed celebrities as we are fed mashed baby food. The foliage of her family-tree is blossom-spattered with distinguished names. The Bayards produced six senators, the first Ambassador to the Court of St. James was a Bayard, Oliver La Farge is a kinsman, and so on.

In 1937, the Birds moved from Montreal to Winnipeg, via the Panama Canal. The crow may fly in a straight line, but these Winnipeg Birds have a zest for living and for seeing everything there is to be seen, which precludes that method.

Although radio scripts for young people is Anne Francis' big writing job at present, she has in her time contributed numerous articles to SATURDAY NIGHT and other periodicals, written radio plays and talks, and a weekly newspaper column for several years. She is a newspaperwoman with printers' ink under her fingernails.

The Birds

"Any married woman who has no children should of course do volunteer work on the side, but she should also take on the discipline and the toughness of a professional job. In a total war I do think it's unspeakable of a woman with any talents not to use them," Anne Francis says in her forthright way. So that's what she does. She has managed to squeeze several volunteer community jobs into her busy writing schedule. She also finds time she says to "gallop around giving the odd speech about the World of Tomorrow."

Tall and tweedy, Anne Francis is a fervent sportswoman. Her lusty nature allows her to do nothing by halves. Her strong body cleaves through the water with a champion's strokes. She rides a horse at a gallop. She even fishes with tremendous energy and gusto, her high point being when she caught a 'muskie' last summer. A fall from a horse several years ago spoilt her back for skating and skiing any more but she can still ride a horse or a bicycle or dance . . . "which isn't as often as we'd like." When Winnipeg's hot houses and their own crowded lives get too much for the Birds they hop on the train and go to the Lake of the Woods, where they can tramp for hours on the ice and snow of the still outdoors.

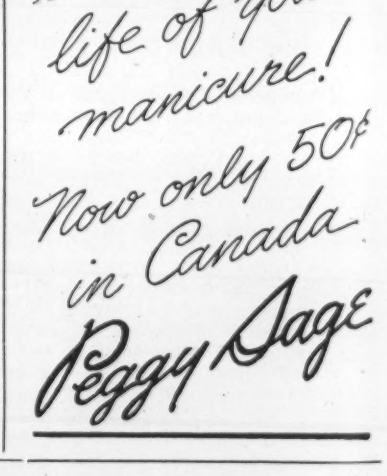
New Ground

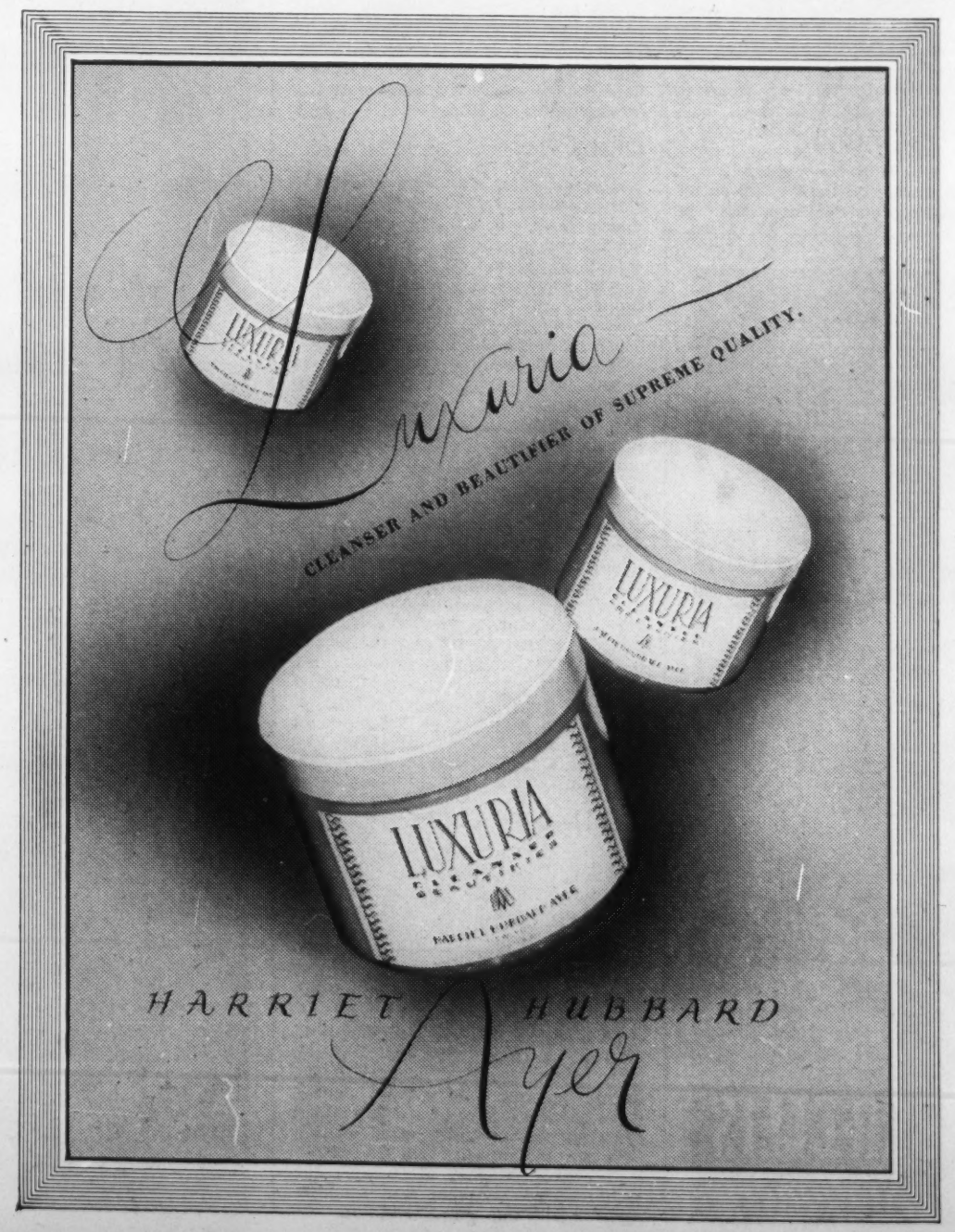
There are no fripperies about Anne, and neither are there about her home, which has the conscious simplicity of a good Canadian painting. Her delight in her paintings is constant and fresh . . . a Lawren Harris, a Marion Scott, a John Lyman, and so on. The only other ornaments are books, of which there are legion. Dresden, or its like, would be unsafe anyway in this household where two large people sweep around a room shouting fantastic endearments at each other. Anne Francis' great, rocking laughter, heard often, would shatter Victorian adornments in a minute. The frolicking of Sweeney would also constitute a serious hazard. Like Father William he is old, and although not quite standing on his head, he still chases a bone around the living-room with elderly abandon.

Sweeney, by the way, is an Irish terrior named after T. S. Eliot's 'Apeneck Sweeney'. He is an animal inclined to be morose until he is sure of the visitor's status. Once assured, he warms up to an almost excessive degree. This state of warmth is constant as far as his owners are concerned, and is reciprocated a hundredfold.

Whoever blows into town, blows immediately to this noisy newspaper household, where the phone is always ringing. Her husband says, "She makes the friends . . . I make the enemies." Her vital face, her outgoing ways, her complete lack of inhibition and her great sense of fun have an amazing drawing quality.

Anne Francis broke new ground. The CBC proved it fertile, and now the Americans are interested. The Federal Radio Education Committee has been after her. She has been summoned twice to conferences in the U.S.A., one at Columbus, Ohio, and one at Washington, D.C. The U.S. Federal Radio Education Committee think that this Canadian has shown the way.





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Do Canadian Women Need More Pride of Self and Country?

By P. MAURICE STONE

FOR five years Pasquale D'Angelo has been looking through the lens of his camera at young Canadian women. As a portrait photographer who specializes with the help of artful lighting, make-up and dress, in giving his subjects that thing we call glamour, he has arrived at some pretty definite ideas of what is right and what is wrong with how Canadian women look.

In D'Angelo's opinion, the women of Canada possess great natural beauty, but they have their faults, and the first of these is the fact that they do not know how to walk. The reason for this, D'Angelo feels, goes deeper than poor posture. It is born, he thinks, of the bad habit Canadians have of depreciating their country. The Canadian woman does not walk proudly, confidently. "On the contrary," says Pasquale, "she walks as if she were a trifle embarrassed to be Canadian, afraid to flaunt a little the fact that she is the citizen of a great country—a beautiful citizen, in fact. If Canadian women would lose the inferiority complex that grows from their shy Canadianism they would, without doubt, become the most beautiful women in the world."

Presentation

"When a woman enters my studio, whether she has come as a customer or to model for me, the first thing I notice is what we in the business call her 'presentation'—her poise—her walk. Can you call a woman beautiful if she has lovely hair, perfect features, a slender figure and round shoulders or stooped posture? Everywhere in Canada you see lovely women walking as if they were searching for something on the ground. If they were to hold their heads high, their shoulders back, and breathe correctly, they would acquire good posture. You see," Pasquale continued, "it's automatic. When one breathes from deep down in the diaphragm, the shoulders go back, the body becomes erect, the head is held high. It is so very simple, yet so many women neglect this important part of proper beauty presentation."

"Second in importance to me is a woman's voice. A well-modulated, clear, non-hesitant voice is a priceless part of any woman's charm equipment. It can bring her success in many endeavors—be it business or romance."

Since, when observing the quality of a voice, it is natural to gaze at the speaker's face, Pasquale's next opinions dwell on the art of make-up and here he finds that women still have much to learn. He has observed that many fail to use a cosmetic foundation cream and fail to apply rouge with discrimination and caution.

"It is in make-up of the mouth, however, that most mistakes are made," says Pasquale. "The trouble, I find, is that the average woman applies her lipstick too closely to the natural contours of the lips, not considering that this may not be complimentary to the balance of her face. For instance, a woman of small features and wide mouth should not begin her lip make-up from the extreme ends of her lips, but rather from slightly inside the edge. The large-featured woman with a small mouth should begin at the extreme outer edge. The general appearance particularly the beauty of the eyes, can be cancelled by haphazard application of lipstick. The girl who applies her lipstick in relation to her facial contours has advanced her 'presentation' value several grades higher."

Hair? How important that is, too, Pasquale exclaims. "Let us bracket the important points. The type of hair-do should be governed by (a) age; (b) bearing; (c) facial contours, and (d) personality. The woman of thirty-five who wears a long wind-blown page boy hair-do, and the girl of sixteen who dresses her hair in a sophisticated, high, upswept coiffure, are both very, very wrong. There is nothing lovelier to men than a woman beautifully proud of her maturity or youth. Women should wear their hair to suit their age. Maturity and youth cannot be disguised on the face, and hair is no mask of age."

"In the matter of facial contours, the simplest rule is that women of full face should wear their hair high and back from their ears to give the illusion of length rather than breadth; women of long face should wear their hair low on top and wide at the back, and generally covering the ears. The fullness of the hair at the side of the head gives the natural illusion of a full face.

"'Bearing' can be defined best as the translation of your personality—even of your aims and ambitions, friendliness, or the lack of it. Your hair then can either enhance or spoil the impression you wish to create by your bearing. If yours is the sophisticated type, for instance, your hair should above all be well-groomed, carefully arranged with nary a flying lock. Have a hair-do of the frothy type or vice-versa. Dress your hair to your walk, your talk, to you. And that applies, too, to the "personality" bracket where poise and assurance take essential roles. Given a hair-do in line with her beauty and bearing, a woman develops a personality even where one is lacking. She finds herself calm and sure. The crux of the whole matter can be summed this way: Natural beauty is born of true development of the realness of a person."

Clothes the Frame

Since so many women come into D'Angelo's studio each day to be photographed it is but natural that he should be keenly conscious of their clothes. "The main fault I find," he states, "is that too many women subdue their personalities to their clothes when it should be the other way around. It is like putting a good photograph in an elaborate frame. The frame is lovely, that's true, but who notices the photograph? If women would remember to choose the clothes that flatter their figures and personalities instead of being carried away by the dress itself, they would be much more attractive. Some simple rules that may be of help are: Thin women should wear dresses with square 'sweetheart' necklines and the dresses should not have severe straight lines. They should, rather, be broken at the waist and should be of light coloring — all this gives the illusion of width. Stout women should wear dresses with V-neck lines, of straight lines and of dark coloring. Blouses and skirts should be shunned by short women. What a woman pays for her clothes is not as important as the care she puts into their selection. Good taste in clothes is as essential as good taste in friends, food, or the other good things of life," he added, smiling. "Simple, carefully-fitted clothes of good quality suit the average woman better than anything.

"Hands are important. Manicured and cared for, of course, but equally important, 'well-used'. The woman who uses her hands to emphasize each word or the woman who holds them stiffly in front of her as if she were afraid they would fall off, runs a very poor second to the girl who has 'possession' of her hands, that is, who has them under control at all times and keeps them in line with the balance of her body action. The average woman behaves as if she were afraid of her hands, as if they were something she wished she could take off with her gloves and hide somewhere."

"Exercise, not just the 'two or three miles' walked in the ordinary course of the day," says Pasquale, "is essential not only to slender, well-shaped legs, but also to the figure in general, and the complexion in particular. Dancing, swimming, skating and skiing, also ballet dancing, are exceptionally fine help-mates in this direction. I can always tell a girl who has had dancing lessons by the way she walks. She moves with a flow of grace and rhythm that is captivating. Of course, good-fitting shoes aid in the personality department, since who can be pleasant when wearing pinching, tight-fitting shoes?"

D'Angelo offers the thought that the mental outlook on life has its effect on the appearance. For instance, he states, the woman who is a worrier shows it in the furrows of her brow and the tightness of her lips. Not only is this evidenced to the camera but to the casual observer. Similarly, the woman who thinks optimistically shows her cheerfulness, too, as does the ambitious one, the serious one, the well-thinking and the bad-thinking. Moderation in social life, in one's attitude towards life generally, give the face a 'regular' look that lends neither to over-severity nor over-gaiety. Thus, the whole sum of how you look to others, and to the camera, you make for yourself.

The beautiful Duchess of Kent, accompanied by her two children, Princess Alexandra and Prince Edward, is seen on her arrival at a matinee performance of "Goody Two Shoes" at the Coliseum, London. Prince Edward's resemblance to his late father, the Duke of Kent, is very marked.

ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB

Wed in White

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CONCERNING FOOD

Consider the Cow: a Factor in the Nation's Health and Wealth

By JANET MARCH

DO YOU know that hungry feeling when you come in late at night and go out to the kitchen and look round for something to eat? If you are busting with energy you'll make yourself a bacon sandwich and brew some coffee, and before you know it the delicious smell will have drawn everyone in the house out to the kitchen to enjoy your snack with you. However, much more likely all you have is hunger without the energy and in that case you'll have a glass of milk which, according to the report of the United Nations Conference on Food at Hot Springs, is "the most complete single food" there is. In the old days there used to be a lot of jokes about watering the milk, but now there is some fool-proof way of measuring butter-fat content so that dilution is impossible. Today Thoreau could not cite as circumstantial evidence the case of the discovery of a trout in the milk.

To most people milk is a white fluid in a bottle, and they seldom get as far as considering the cow. If you summer next door to a dairy farm though, you get to know a good deal more about cows and the workings of the $400,000,000 a year business which stems from that animal. The National Dairy Council of Canada has recently published a little red booklet which tells the story of the milk business in Canada with a table of rather staggeringly large figures about the consumption of fluid and dried milk, etc., at the back of it.

Of course it you've never had a cow you don't know the bother it is. It's rather like having a perpetual family of small babies who, instead of having to be fed milk on the hour, have to be de-milked. You can't ever go away unless you can get a cow "sitter" who can milk or run the milker, and even with a milker the cows have to be stripped by hand. The animals have to be milked, then watered and put in the right pasture, then gathered up at night and milked again. The cow stable has to be cleaned, the whole place sprayed with fly killer, and then there are the milk pails and the milker to wash, and milkers seem to be made of great lengths of rubber tubing. The milk has to be cooled, and then begins the whole complicated process of collecting it and getting it to town. Once in the dairy it's pasteurized, and then at last the milkman gets those nice plain white bottles you find on the kitchen steps. This is the summer process, but in the winter there is feeding to be done in the barn and milking in the cold, and this year much of the milk we are getting has had to be brought out across fields by sleighs to the highways. Too, the milk business is a seven day a week one with no half days off.

Canadians are drinking more and more milk and probably getting more and more healthy in exactly the same ratio. Last year the consumption was up 17% since the start of the war and it looks as if it will be up again this year. More and more people are drinking milk, and if you like the stuff there isn't a finer thing in the world than a long cold glass of it. There are a lot of people who continue to say they don't like it but it is really quite easy to fool them. It is unlikely that they will forego cream soups, scalloped potatoes, ice cream, home-made cake, or any of the other good dishes which English people have so missed during these last years. If you think your family isn't getting a pint a day per person per adult try these milky recipes.

Cream of Beet Soup

1 bunch of beets
2 cups of consommé
1 onion chopped
1½ teaspoonfuls of salt
Black pepper
1½ tablespoons of flour stirred smooth in a little water
3 cups of milk
2 teaspoonfuls of lemon juice

Wash and peel the beets and grate them on a vegetable grater. Put them in a pan and add the consommé and the onion. Cover tightly and let simmer for about twenty minutes to half an hour. Then rub through a sieve and add the seasoning and the flour and water and cook till the mixture thickens. Stir in the milk, and lastly add the lemon juice and serve.

Caramel Rice Pudding

½ cup of uncooked rice
3 cupfuls of milk
1 teaspoonful of salt
1½ tablespoons of butter
2 eggs
1 teaspoon of vanilla
Grated rind of an orange
¾ cupful of sugar
2 tablespoons of hot water

Caramelize ½ cupful of the sugar and add the two tablespoons of water heated to boiling point. Pour this into a mould and be sure the sides are well coated. Bring the three cups of milk to the boil, add the rice and the salt and boil gently for five minutes. Then put in the top of the double boiler and steam for another half hour. Mix in the butter. Beat the yolks of the two eggs with the rest of the sugar and then add the grated rind and the vanilla and mix in with the rice and milk. Beat the whites of the eggs till they are stiff and fold them in too. Turn into the mould and oven poach for about three quarters of an hour. Then chill and serve.

Request Number at the Canteen

By LUDMILLA LEMAN

THEY lolled about the room—soldiers, sailors, air-force men—some of them reading, others writing letters home, looking up once in a while with a far-away tender look on their faces which made all of them young, no matter their age. Others were sleeping.

Throughout the gramophone played—one record after another, chosen from the pile of requests on the table. "Ave Maria" — Marian Anderson's deep voice intoning the words reverently, and always there was a hush in the room for that—deeper than for any symphony, a listening hush, and eyes closed and expressions of peace and satisfaction on all the faces.

Three sailors were sitting on the couch bunched against each other. One was fast asleep, his mouth slightly ajar, his downy face looking ridiculously young and sweet. Another was drowsing, opening one eye occasionally and lazily, and closing it quickly. The third sat up straight, not thinking, not feeling—just sitting and resting.

At the table on the right an R.A.F. lad was writing industriously. His handsome face deep in thought — his brow knit as he bent over the paper. He finished, lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair, turning his alert, intelligent face to the stage—listening to the "Warsaw Concerto" with critical attention.

A Minor Concerto

The man in civvies came to the door and stood a moment. Then he came forward slowly and stood in front of the victrola. I was startled to see how incongruous he looked among all the men in uniform. He was tall and fair and awkward in his movements. His grey-checked suit fitted him badly.

"Would you have—maybe you have the Piano Concerto — Grieg — in A Minor?" he asked me. He spoke with difficulty, with a heavy accent, and a spasm of coughing shook him half way through his sentence. I noticed that his right arm hung limply at his side and swung free, while the rest of his body shook unpleasantly.

"Yes," I told him. 'We'll play it for you."

"Right avay, please—be so kind." He jerked the words out painfully and stood over me, a towering mass, his blue eyes beseeching.

"Yes," I said again, "we'll play it now—just as soon as this record is over."

I motioned him to a couch in front of the little stage. He sat down heavily and I noticed that the flap of his trousers spread and the ends of his blue shirt showed through. He was completely oblivious of his appearance, and carefully gathering his limp arm with his left hand he let it rest on the side of the sofa. Then he leaned back and closed his eyes.

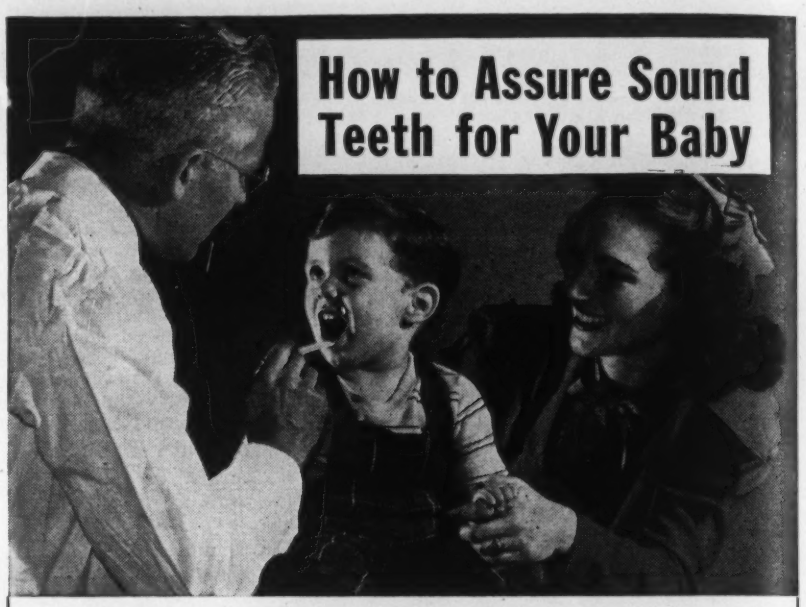
Who Was He?

We started the Concerto and I saw a spasm of pleasure that was almost like pain cross his features. His head beat time and his thin lips spread in a smile that was both revolting and pathetic. He did not care that people might be looking at him—he did not care that his almost savage enjoyment of the music brought perplexed stares or startled glances. All he cared about was the music and the giving of himself to it completely heart and soul. He must have been very lonely for it—very hungry for the sound of it. It brought no dreams to his eyes, wide open now, feverishly bright. He was listening, drinking in every sound, glorying in every note, every passage, and his pleasure and his pain were depicted on his mobile, drawn face.

When the Concerto was over, he got up and giving us a fleet, unseeing smile, walked out of the room, dragging his feet, lurching a bit.

For a long time I thought of him. Who was he? The pin in his lapel only told me that he had been in the service. His heavy accent told me nothing except that he was likely a European. How did he get here? Nobody knew. I asked various people about and finally came upon the supervisor.

"Oh, yes—that boy in the grey checked suit." she said, "too small for him," she added with a smile. "I don't know what nationality he is. I think his papers are all in order and he's absolutely o.k. I believe he told me once he used to play the piano."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By MEREDITH MOULTON REDHEAD, Ph.B., *Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Home Institute*

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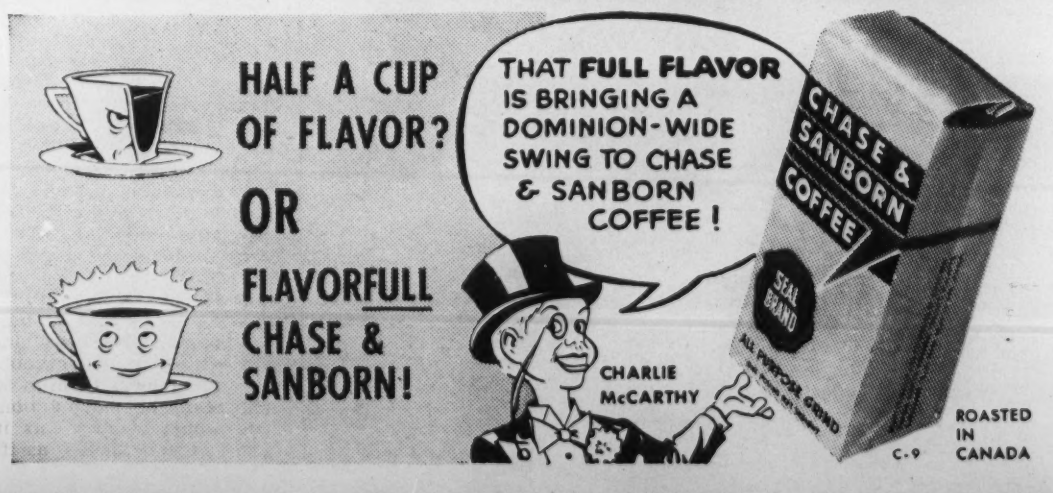
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THE OTHER PAGE

How the Man from Moncton Laid the Mystery of the S.S. Marigold

By W. B. FOSTER

THE night was deadly calm. All day the waters of the Salmon river, great waterway in central Nova Scotia, had shown hardly a ripple. The sky was overcast. Throwing a broad swath of light half a mile ahead, the searchlight of the steamer Marigold revealed the river as a band of smooth black silk. Yet currents of air drifted about the four decks of the ship as she coasted down stream toward Truro from her eastern terminus at Kemptown.

If a storm was coming it was blowing up only on the decks of the ship.

Newspapers, left in deck chairs, slid off, lifted in the air a few inches, moved a trifle, sank again to the decks. Members of the ship's orchestra in the dining room complained that the leaves of their music wouldn't stay put.

There was some indignation among the diners. A rug in the lounge across the hall had lifted and hung uncertainly in the air for a few seconds, then sailed into the dining room. For a time it gained altitude, then came down fast, settling on a table where two old ladies had just started on their grapefruit.

A bag belonging to a Toronto traveller also left the lounge and swept into the dining room where it hit the ceiling and dropped quickly on a Halifax man who had just got interested in an oyster stew. Menus were flying about like huge snow flakes.

"Man the lifeboats!" shouted a chap from Sydney, overturning his cup of consomme. "We'll be lucky to make shore in a storm like this."

"Quiet!" cried the head waiter, stepping to the centre of the room and raising both hands. "There is no need for alarm. Nobody is in danger. The ship is not plunging. I give you my word of honor there is no cause for your terror. See, I will close the door to the hall and there will be no further trouble."

"But what's wrong?" shouted the Sydney man. "If you know, tell us."

The air in the dining room became quiet.

"See," said the head waiter, "everything is now all right. On behalf of the Brown Star Navigation Company I promise that every person in this room will live to see Truro."

He picked up the rug and the bag and placed them in one corner of the room.

The diners ate gingerly, only half accepting the word of the Brown Star representative. Between bites they flung questions at him.

"I know what's wrong," he replied, "but I can't tell you. Please accept my assurance of your safety."

ON the bridge a man from Moncton was chatting with the captain.

"Friend of mine in Amherst," said the Moncton man, "told me not to miss a trip on the Marigold. Said something about an albatross named Jake that follows the ship all day. Where is Jake?"

"You can't see him on a night like this," replied the captain. "Flies high on night trips. Just spreads out his huge wings and coasts down behind us. Tucks his head under his left wing and comes in on a beam.

"And these smoke stacks," went on the captain, "you can barely see 'em here in the dark, but they're a big attraction. Made of genuine rubber so we can go under the highway and railway bridges. When the smoke stacks hit these bridges they just bend back and straighten up again after the bridge is negotiated. We put 'em on when we burned coal for power. Now we're running on electric eel power but we keep the smoke stacks for publicity purposes. American tourists go back and write up the ship in their home-town papers."

"You mean to say." asked the Moncton man, "that this ship is powered by electric eels?"

"Certainly," replied the captain. "Do you know what a wallop an electric eel packs? We get 'em from the Orinoco river in South America, and down there if a horse steps into the river an eel can give him a shock that will knock him down. Well, sir, we have two vats of eels in the engine room. One vat we keep for reserve power; use it only when we're in the rapids going upstream. Right now, of course, we're not using any power—just travelling in free-wheeling—and the eels are being recharged, same as a battery in a moving automobile."

"You must be spoofing," said the Moncton man incredulously.

"Here," said the captain, "take this." He pulled out a note book and scribbled a few words, then tore out the leaf and handed it to the passenger. "Show this to the guard at the engine-room door. He will take you to the assistant engineer who is about ready now to feed the eels. Gives 'em macaroni and liver."

"Thank you, thank you," said the Moncton man gratefully. "This night is one in ten thousand."

He left the bridge hurriedly but was fated never to reach the engine-room.

TWO decks down, in the hall between the lounge and the dining-room, the Moncton passenger realized he was in a strong draft. A sudden gust blew off his hat which sailed down the hall towards the ship's stern. As he chased after it he was aware of strange, hissing noises. Finally the gale entered the open doorway of a first-class cabin that was dark as pitch. He stood in the open doorway and was surprised to see two tiny spots of fire in the darkness. A voice said: "Come in, Mac, and shut the door."

The Moncton man closed the door and noticed that the gale had stopped. "Why don't you turn on the lights?" he asked.

"Don't need 'em," replied the strange occupant of the cabin. "I can see you all right. Check on my description of you. You're about thirty years old, wear rimless eye-glasses and have a small brown moustache."

"Amazing!" gasped the Moncton man. "I can't see anything."

"But you can," replied the other man. "You can at least see my eyes."

"Your eyes!" cried the Moncton passenger; "are those spots of fire your eyes?"

"Yes," was the response. "You see, I have just drunk two glasses of carrot juice here with my dinner. Carrot juice contains something that's great for the eyesight. I never use the lights at night when I eat. I just get a bottle of carrot juice from the carrot juice bar and as far as I'm concerned this room's as light as day. Have a glass?"

The man with the fire eyes pressed a glass into the hands of the Moncton man. The latter drank half of the glass and waited.

"Must be near morning," he said. "The cabin is lighting up. I can see you now."

ACROSS from the Moncton man was a strange person. His face was well whiskered with salt-and-pepper hair. His moustache hung down at the ends, blending into his beard, but was cut straight across his upper lip. A powerful man but pretty old, thought the Moncton passenger.

"Drink the rest of your carrot juice," said the strange figure.

The Moncton man gulped down the balance and noticed that the cabin was light as day.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The old man was sitting at a table, eating his dinner. He dipped into a bowl of soup, raised the spoon and inhaled.

The soup, caught full in the hurricane, leaped across the fifteen inches between the spoon and his mouth like a flash of fire in a short circuit. At the same time the cabin door bulged inward slightly as if under great atmospheric pressure.

The Moncton man braced himself.

As the strange old man went on with his dinner the cabin roared like the Florida coast when a Fall gale sweeps up from the Caribbean.

He lifted a knife-load of peas into the path of the storm and the green pellets hit his mouth like buckshot from a gun.

"Live in Nova Scotia?" asked the Moncton man, holding hard to the arms of his chair.

"Yep," said the old man. "Have since 1899. Came back that year from the Klondyke. I kinda like you, young feller, and I don't mind takin' down my back hair. I brought $200,000 in gold dust out of that country."

"You must be a very old man now," observed the Moncton passenger.

"I kinda lost track of my age late years," was the reply, but my father says I'm a hundred and eighteen."

"Your *father* says!" gasped the Moncton man, "your *father* says. . ."

"Yep, he knows," replied the old old man; "says it's writ in the family Bible."

THE old chap finished his meal and the hurricane subsided.

"What have you been doing since your return from the Klondyke?" inquired the Moncton man, relaxing his grip on the arms of his chair.

"Just financing," was the reply. "Lately I got to pickin' up shares in the Brown Star Navigation Company. Now I own a little over fifty per cent of the stock. The only people on this ship who know about it are the captain and the head waiter. That waiter won't let me eat in the dining room. I hear he acts mysterious, claims to know a lot but won't tell. Tried to interest me a while ago in a trip to South America but I like it here, just goin' up and down the Salmon river. I keep this cabin all the time."

"Well," said the Moncton man, "I must be going. Glad to have met you. You didn't tell me your name."

"Smith," replied the old chap. "Smith. My parents named me Chauncey Marmaduke but I never liked them fancy names. My friends don't like 'em either. They just call me Cyclone."

"Cyclone?" repeated the Moncton man.

"Yes," said the old chap. "Cyclone Smith."

"Well, good-bye, Cyclone," said the Moncton man, stretching out his hand. "Must get my things together. I'm getting off at the next stop."

At the foot of the companionway he met the captain.

"Hello," said the latter; "did you see the electric eels?"

"No," said the Moncton man, "I didn't, but I had a long talk with your air-conditioning system."

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But he wasn't mine.

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But I wasn't his!

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sharp, sweet, innocent and knowing

at EATON'S

Britain Juggling The Money for Industry

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Mr. Layton is critical of the two industrial finance corporations which were recently announced in Britain. Capitalization, he points out, is too low if the corporations are to take over financing which the existing agencies can't handle. If their purpose is to supply inadequately secured loans, he asks, have they a place at all?

Britain needs a revise of the whole problem of provision of capital before proper refinance measures can be designed.

A FINANCE Corporation for Industry and an Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation have been recently put into the field as early runners in the race to provide British industry with capital after the war. They are the first official entrants, but already on the lists are the traditional providers of money, the banks, the insurance companies, and the finance houses.

The Finance Corporation will have a capital of £25 millions and borrowing powers of £100 millions. The I.C.F.C. will have a capital of £15 millions and borrowing powers of £30 millions. The F.C.I.'s job will be to provide "temporary or longer period finance for industrial businesses of the country with a view to their quick rehabilitation and development in the national interest, thereby assisting in the maintenance and increase of employment."

The Bank of England will be the largest individual shareholder, the others being insurance companies and trust companies. The I.C.F.C. will not act as a bank but will provide medium, and long-term advances, and not revolving or self-liquidating advances. Here again the biggest single shareholder will be the central bank.

These organizations between them seem to mean quite a lot of money, but the aggregate of the capital and borrowing powers appears remarkably small by comparison with the capital requirements that would accord with the anticipated scope of industrial resurgence.

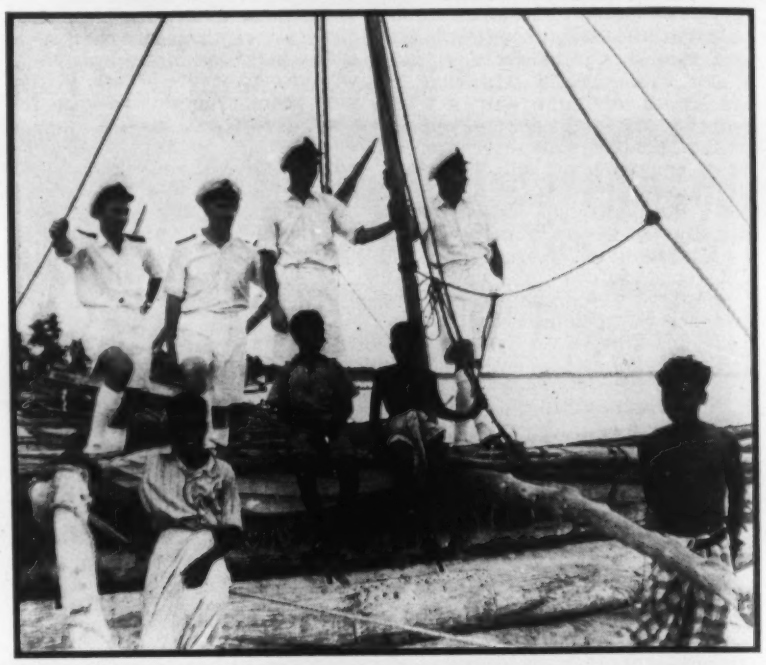
In answering the criticism that the conception is altogether too limited, the apologists for the new organizations point out that they are merely supplementary to existing avenues of capital, and not a substitute for them. This, however, does not really dispose of the criticism, for if there is any industrial need that the ordinary sources cannot satisfy then it must involve larger sums than the capital structure of F.C.I. and I.C.F.C. dictates, or the need would be too small to be measurable. While if it is argued that the new organizations will meet a demand for capital that could not otherwise be satisfied because of the inadequacy of the security then it must be asked on what conceivable basis this estimate of the "lunatic fringe" of industrial rehabilitation was formed.

Intentions Stillborn

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that here are excellent intentions that have been stillborn. Here is a ha'porth of tar without a ship. The orthodox sources of monetary accommodation have made it plain that they are prepared to be generous in their treatment of the requests of postwar industrial enterprise, but if it is officially considered that the need will be larger than they can satisfy, and that the need will arise on the same level of security, then it is surely plain that the scale of the new propositions should bear a substantial relationship to the vast capital sums that will be necessary to reconstruction.

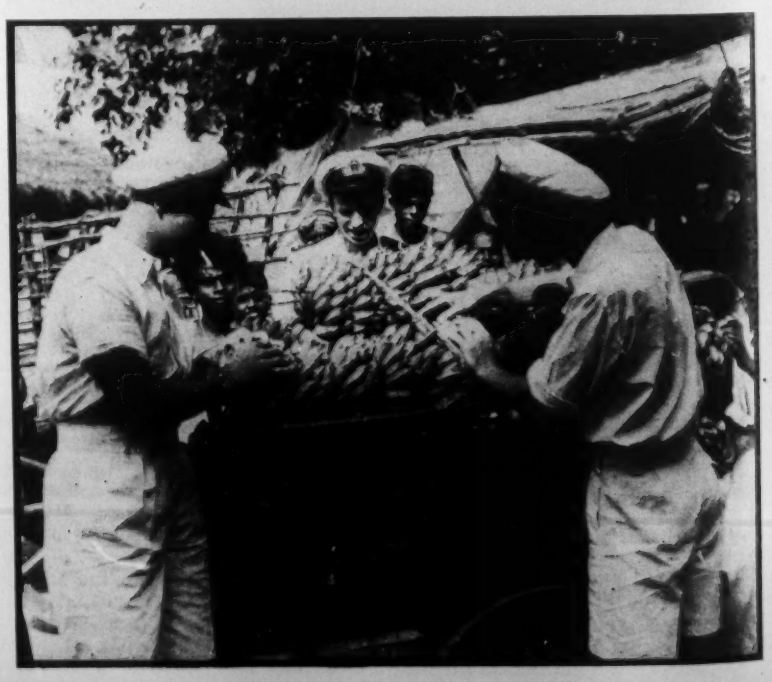
(*Continued on Next Page*)

These Canadian Tars Are Ready for Pacific War



When Canadian naval forces join the British fleet in the Southwest Pacific, not all of the personnel will be new to the job of fighting Japan in her own backyard. For these members of the R.C.N.V.R. and R.C.N., shown ashore at an Indian Ocean port, have been on loan to the Royal Navy and have already seen action off Asia, although this native fishing scow doesn't look much like the warships on which they operate.

Above: East meets West in the Far East and these Canadian officers on their trip ashore seem to have picked a monkey as a go-between. Below: Three Ontario midshipmen are delighted to find bananas are so plentiful.



THE BUSINESS ANGLE

State Socialism 100 Years Ago

By P. M. RICHARDS

APPARENTLY France is going in for State Socialism or something very like it. The other day, four months after General Charles de Gaulle proposed a planned economy, France's Minister of Industrial Production Robert Lacoste announced that henceforth all branches of France's industrial and food production—coal, steel, textiles, etc.—would operate under "provisional commissioners" appointed by the government. The government would decide what to produce, would control all industries and regulate them by allocations of raw materials. The 110 or so local commissioners would have advisory councils composed of workers, technicians and employers. Sixty commissioners, responsible to the Ministry of Production and appointed with the advice of the labor unions, were already at work.

Said Minister Lacoste, veteran labor-unionist: "It would be illusory to depend on private initiative for the resumption of economic activity in France. Only the State has the necessary means."

This reminds the present writer of a passage in "Revolution," a study by Robert Hunter of the conditions that have produced past revolutions, published by Harper & Brothers in 1940. It deals with France in 1848, a year of revolutionary conditions throughout Europe that saw the flight from Paris of King Louis Philippe. A republic was proclaimed and the new government included republicans and some socialists, of whom Louis Blanc and Albert were the most notable. The republicans, says the author of "Revolution," had no thought of instituting any far-reaching economic changes. Their aims were purely political and they believed that the working class could be satisfied by certain reforms. The socialists, on the other hand, Hunter tells us, considered the republic only as a means of achieving their more radical aims and hoped soon to begin the heroic task of organizing society on a new basis.

The "Right to Work"

As soon as the revolutionary forces became dominant many shops and factories closed down and the workers of Paris were soon in a state of abject misery. Vast numbers were unemployed. The new government was immediately faced with the demands of the workers, led by socialists, that they should be guaranteed "the right to work" and the "unionization of all labor." As these reforms had been advocated for years by Louis Blanc and his associates, he was called upon to give the following pledges to the populace: "The Provisional Government of the French Republic promises to guarantee the existence of the laborers by work. It promises to assure work to all citizens. It recognizes that the workers must join together in order to enjoy the benefits of labor." Here we find, says Hunter, the doctrine of the right to work accepted as a governmental policy.

With production for use as a slogan, Louis Blanc overpowered the opposition and all Europe heard for the first time a high official advocate revolutionary socialist doctrines. Hunter says that some in terror and others with hope and joy heard him proclaim that the workers in the various trades should organize great co-operative productive undertakings and, with the help of subsidies from the State, should begin the work of undermining capitalism. He urged that all the factories, mines and other industrial enterprises should be conducted directly by the workers who would be permitted to select their own superintendents and set their own wages. With the resources and power of the State behind them, Blanc believed the workers would in a short time displace all individual enterprises and individual capitalists.

Tailors Dug Ditches

These were the essential points of Louis Blanc's socialist program, says Robert Hunter, and now he undertook to put them into practice. Naturally, such objectives were bound to arouse bitter opposition. They were felt to be subversive and very few of those who were forced at first, by the exigencies of the situation, to support Blanc, agreed with him or wished to advance his revolutionary ideas. However, with the populace in a very excited state, it was impossible at the moment to oppose openly ideas which represented the aspirations of its military section; consequently, the national workshops were established.

Exhibiting their usual slovenly and dull-witted efficiency, continues Hunter, the petty officials threw laborers of all professions together and forced them to do all sorts of work for which they were unfitted. Tailors were compelled to dig ditches, bricklayers to make clothes, and all were organized on military lines to carry on various forms of work hastily planned for the occasion. Government competition with private industry, production for use, the right to work and a "guarantee" that labor should be given the full product of its toil (which in this instance proved to be trifling)—all doctrines proclaimed by the socialists as essential to the peace and welfare of society—became in practice repressive measures which infuriated the workers.

By the end of June (Louis Philippe had fled in February) a bloody conflict broke out between the workers and the government. For three days there was fighting in the streets and, finally, when the armed forces under General Cavaignac gained the upper hand, they brutally crushed the rebellion of employees—no longer the officially blessed enemies of private capitalists. Over 3,000 were killed and later 15,000 were transported. Thus ended the "Works Progress" experiment of Louis Blanc.

(*Continued from Page 26*)

If it is, on the other hand, a question merely of satisfying a demand that would not pass the test of security applied by the banks or finance houses, then it is necessary to ask whether it should be satisfied at all.

Grateful as industry is to the sponsors of the two bodies, therefore, it requires to know something more. It requires to know what will be the terms on which advances will be made, and in what circumstances it will be appropriate to ask F.C.I. and I.C.F.C. for accommodation and not the banks or the existing shareholders in the business.

The whole problem of the provision of capital for British industrial renaissance needs review. It is doubtful, from the evidence, whether the size of the job is fully understood, either by the authorities or by the banks. Many hundreds of millions will be needed, and, apart from the question of where they are to come from and on what terms, it is important to have some idea of the extent to which their provision will interfere with the monetary fabric.

It would be easy enough for inflation to set in if a *laisser faire* policy were tolerated; but no less dangerous would be the risk of capital starvation if rationing and control were too firmly exercised.

Nationalization?

It is an awareness of these dangers that has led to an appeal from certain quarters for a "nationalization of capital," whereby the Government would hold the purse-strings and would open them, on terms consistent with the cheap money policy, to approved borrowers for approved purposes. But this would be bureaucracy gone mad, and it is a happy reflection that there is no chance of its occurring except in the most unfortunate political conditions.

At the other side, there is the opinion that, unless the capital market is completely freed, industry will anyway be short of capital, notwithstanding F.C.I. and I.C.F.C. or any other similar organ. However this may be, it is self-evident that the role intended for these bodies needs to be more fully defined in relationship to the functions which the banks and other organizations will continue to fulfil; and it is no less obvious that the authorities should declare their plain purpose in the matter of recapitalization, so that industry may be rid of at least one of the numerous uncertainties which are inhibiting its postwar plans.

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Company Reports

Chartered Trust

THE statement for 1944 of Chartered Trust and Executor Company records a very distinct improvement over all previous years. The net profit for the year 1944 amounted to $178,917 before income taxes, dividends, depreciation and pension fund payments as against $128,855 for the year 1943. The net profits after the above deductions were $95,915 as against $65,526 for 1943. Income tax payable for the year amounted to $60,000. The company has no foreclosed real estate, the last of the few properties which it had having been sold in 1944.

There was added to the Rest Account $250,000 to bring this account up to $500,000.00. A quarterly dividend of 1% plus a bonus of 1% was declared payable on the 1st day of April, 1945. Guaranteed Funds amounted to $7,794,054 as against $6,251,756 in 1943. Depositors' funds were 102% liquid. The total of Dominion and provincial bonds was $2,835,127 in 1944 as against $2,103,391 in 1943.

Dom. of Can. General

AT THE 58th annual meeting of the Dominion of Canada General Insurance Company, the report presented on the past year's operations showed total income (net) in 1944 of $2,249,537, as compared with $2,039,864 in 1943. Total assets, with securities taken at book value ($491,000 less than market value) amounted to $7,309,692 at the end of 1944, as compared with $6,733,493 at the end of 1943. Total liabilities, including reserves and paid up capital amounted to $6,184,513, showing a net surplus of $1,121,528 over capital, reserves and all liabilities, as compared with $1,081,777 at the end of 1943. Including the paid up capital of $1,005,300, the surplus as regards policyholders was $2,126,828, as compared with $2,087,077 at the end of 1943. During the past year the company purchased $988,000 of Victory Bonds, bringing the company's total of War Loan holdings to $1,887,250, representing 30 per cent of its investments in securities. New business written by the Life Department was $3,457,874, and the total life insurance in force at the end of 1944 was $23,538,903.

Montreal Trust

THE annual report of the Montreal Trust Company for 1944 shows net profits after providing for all expenses of management, accrued interest, taxes and other charges, of $570,451 This sum. taken with the balance of $765,489, carried forward in profit and loss account at the end of 1943 gives a total of $1,335,940 available for distribution and this amount was appropriated as follows: dividend for year, $256,000; reserves for income taxes, $189,612; transferred to pension fund, $10,000; balance carried forward amounted to $880,328.

The report draws attention to the fact that notwithstanding war conditions which have brought about important changes in certain departments of the company's business, earnings showed an increase of approximately $35,000. It points out that, following the company's usual practice, all security investments had been shown at or below market values and that all mortgage investments, both as to principal and interest, were in good standing.

The estates, trusts and agency departments again were exceptionally active during the year and assets under administration in these departments showed a net increase of approximately $14,000,000.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

S. E. T., Trail, B.C.—Of the various mining ventures to come into being due to the war PURDY MICA MINES is the first to declare a dividend. An initial payment of three cents a share will be made in March by this company, formed in 1942 by Inspiration Mining & Development Co., to mine mica from properties located northwest of Mattawa. It has been the principal American source of strategic mica, and new sales arrangements were recently made following expiration of the contract with Colonial Mica Co., an agency of the United States government; it is also possible that sales will be made to British interests. Net profit for 1944 exceeded 12½ cents per share as compared with 3½ cents in the preceding year. Liquid assets are reported as around a quarter of a million dollars. Reports that Purdy Mica Mines was closing down the mine and processing plant have been officially denied. Due to a shortage of mica at the present time it has been necessary to lay off part of the mine crew and processing staff. Exploration, however, is continuing and it is hoped the layoff will only be temporary.

E. H. N., Brandon, Man.—I can't see any ground for your apprehensions regarding FRASER COMPANIES dividends. The situation is that the declaration by the company of a dividend of 50 cents for the first quarter of this year increases the annual rate to $2 from that of $1.40 set when dividends were resumed last year. The new rate is well protected by earnings of recent years and by a strong liquid financial position. Following determination of standard profits and assessment of income and excess profits taxes to the end of 1942 the company last year issued an adjusted comparison of consolidated profits and taxes. This showed, for 1943, net profit of $1.90 and combined net profit and refundable tax of $2.47. This showing, however, had been made after charging "additional provision" for taxes amounting to $1.59 a share. Mainly this additional provision was for excess profits taxes potentially applicable to the amounts claimed in respect of reserves for future depreciation in inventory values allowable under the Excess Profits Tax Act. As these reserves are liable to be subject to excess profits tax only when utilized or when the Act ceases to apply, the usual practice is not to make any provision currently for such tax, which is not a current liability and in fact may never become one. If Fraser had followed the usual practice in 1943, therefore, distributable net of $3.49 would have been shown, and combined distributable net and refundable tax of $4.06 a share.

W. S. T., North Bay, Ont.—Drilling completed to date on WASA LAKE has indicated sufficient ore to warrant laying plans for an initial milling rate of 1,000 tons, with an ultimate capacity of 1,500 tons and the management proposes to get into production as speedily as possible. While ore here has been medium to low grade, deeper drilling in the main part of the new north zone has shown better grade ore. One section of the north vein over a horizontal length of at least 450 feet, and to a vertical depth of 465 feet or

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

War Earnings Buoy Market

BY HARUSPEX

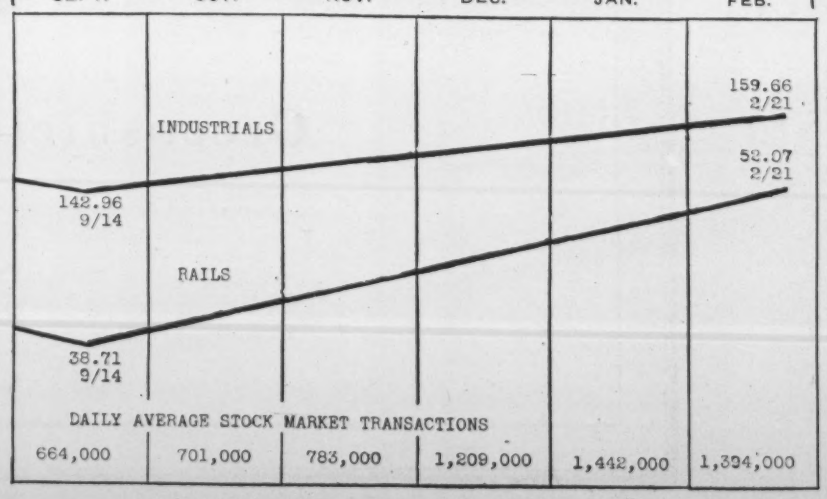
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK MARKET TREND: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SHORT TERM OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the mid-September 1944 low points of 142.96 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 38.71 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Near the end of December there was a noticeable shift in sentiment toward prolongation of the German war. Out of this development, and the longer period for war earnings to continue, the stock market took on additional strength that has continued to the current occasion. At this point another change in public opinion seems under way. There is a growing assumption, based on reports from Washington, that little or no cuts in war production are to be witnessed following termination of the war in Europe. The theory is that soldiers from Europe will be re-equipped with new weapons in the United States before moving on to Japan and, in due course, munitions in Europe will then be routed to the Far East as replacements. A check with various industries does not suggest that the United States can spend as much on the Japanese war as it is now spending on the two wars. At the same time, any public opinion to the contrary can add fuel to the current advance, even though the reaction, pricewise, **will be all the more severe** should such viewpoint prove incorrect.

Prices continue to edge toward the 160/165 level. While recession, at around 160, of one to three weeks' duration, would be a normal development, there are yet no technical indications to show that the movement has reached its culminating point. Sudden collapse of the Reich could conceivably reverse the market's trend, once short-term celebration over the development had subsided, but pending some momentous development of this character it would seem probable that a greater tempo of speculation will be witnessed before the movement burns out. **Of course, the greater the distribution of stocks, the larger the ensuing break.**

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $61,000,000

SICKS' BREWERIES LIMITED

Dividend Notice

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Quarterly Dividend (No. 63) of 25 cents per share on the No Par Value Common shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared payable on the 31st day of March, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 1st day of March, 1945.

By Order of the Board,
I. N. WILSON,
Treasurer.
Calgary, Alberta,
February 20th, 1945.

BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY B-A LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on the issued NO PAR VALUE capital stock of the Company for the first quarter ending March 31st, 1945. The above dividend is payable in Canadian funds, April 2nd, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 6th day of March, 1945.

H. H. BRONSDON,
Secretary.
Dated at Toronto, Feb. 23rd, 1945.

SATURDAY NIGHT
THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established A.D. 1887
C. N. FOY, Advertising Manager
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580 feet on the dip of the vein, is stated to have indicated tonnage of 4,000 tons per vertical foot, with grade of close to $5.50 per ton.

A.W.J., Windsor, Ont. — I would say that results of operations of INTERNATIONAL UTILITIES CORP., as reorganized, have worked out even more favorably than had been expected, and already the holders of the new common stock have received substantial dividends. An initial payment of $1 per share was made on December 8, 1944, and a second dividend of 37½c was paid on March 1, 1945, to shareholders of record Feb. 16. As the holders of the $1.75 preferred stock received 1.9 shares of new common for each share held, the dividend of $1.37½ would represent $2.61 for each $1.75 share in the old company. The "A" stock received 1.4 shares of new common: hence, the $1.37½ payments would be equivalent to $1.92 on the old.

E. F. H., Quebec, Que.—As far as I am aware you have been correctly informed. BART MALARTIC GOLD MINES is without any assets at present but the company has not lost its charter. The charter has been deposited with the Ontario Provincial Secretary and it appears probable that it will be recalled and the company again become active. The group of 15 claims held in Fourniere township, adjoining Malartic Gold Fields on the south was dropped. Of the authorized capitalization of 2,500,000 shares, 1,115,000 are issued and of these some 73,000 are escrowed.

R. W. C., Calgary, Alta.—With net profit for 1944 approximating that for 1943, shareholders of BREWERS & DISTILLERS OF VANCOUVER LTD. can look forward to a repetition of the annual dividend of 50 cents per share and bonus of 10 cents a share paid in the previous three years. Net profit of $396,285 is reported for the fiscal year ended Dec. 31, 1944, compared with $397,692 for 1943. The net for both years was equal to approximately 69 cents per share on the 577,738 shares in the hands of the public to show a margin over the 60 cents distributions. As the company usually reports net exclusive of the refundable portion of the excess profits taxes the margin over the 60 cents dividend and bonus requirement for 1944 would be greater than the 9 cents per share indicated above. The refundable portion of the tax in 1943 was equal to 12 cents a share and for 1942 to 6 cents a share.

J. C. S., St. Thomas, Ont.—The OWENS ACME GOLD MINES, which held nine claims in Ogden township, Porcupine area, appears to have been dormant for some years. I have no record of any reorganization of the company and at last report only slightly over half of the authorized capitalization of 3,000,000 shares was issued. The company's address is care of G. N. Ross, chartered accountant, Timmins, Ont., should you care to forward your request for information to him.

P. A. R., Quebec, Que. — Yes, WINDSOR HOTEL LTD. continued to do capacity business during the year ended Dec. 31, 1944—a condition experienced by practically all hotels throughout the country. While the continued rise in operating cost largely offset the increase in gross earnings, there was still an improvement in operating profit of over $92,000 at $396,158, the best showing since 1931 and comparing with operating profits of $303,939 for 1943 and $227,647 for 1942. Bond interest was reduced by $8,072 to $76,430 and depreciation of $240,000 was again provided. $40,000 was set aside for income and excess profits taxes. After these charges, there was a net profit for the year of $39,727, the first net profit shown since the year 1931. For 1943 there had been a loss of $20,564 and for 1942 a loss of $13,758. This, together with a discount of $14,902 on the company's own bonds redeemed during the year, less $890 loss on sale of securities, changed a profit and loss deficit of $50,678 into a surplus of $3,061. Interest on the 4½% first mortgage bonds was covered 2.43 times in 1944 as compared with a partial coverage of 0.76 times in 1943. Reflecting the profit for the year and unexpended depreciation provision, the company was able to increase its net working capital by $238,999 to $788,977 and redeem $56,000 of its first mortgage bonds, reducing the total outstanding to $2,090,000.

W. R. O., Toronto, Ont.—An option on its 80 claims in the Bridge River district of British Columbia was granted last June by PACIFIC EASTERN GOLD to QUEBEC GOLD MINING CORP. If results of exploration carried out by the new interests prove satisfactory a new 3,000,000-share company will be formed and 400,000 of 1,000,000 vendor shares of the new company will go to Pacific Eastern with right to 10% participation in the financing agreement with Quebec Gold Mining. The latter company agrees to pay cash for 500,000 shares, 200,000 at 20 cents and 300,000 at 25 cents, and has an option of purchase 1,500,000 further shares at 35 to 80 cents per share. Development work which was suspended in 1938 was financed largely by Home Oil. Quebec Gold Mining is a holding, exploration and mine financing company with head office in Montreal.

W. J. S., Prescott, Ont.—Some 22 claims are held by ERIN KIRKLAND MINES in the Kirkland Lake area and it is believed the extension of the Upper Canada break crosses its property. A deep diamond drill hole was being put down late last year and a joint hole is planned on the boundary of the Biroco Kirkland property, which it adjoins. HUTCHISON LAKE with 19 claims in the Little Long Lac area had tentative plans last year for further drilling. A shaft has been sunk 250 feet here and two levels established, and this work revealed an estimated 11,000 tons of ore. Three additional ore shoots were reported revealed in work done in 1939 by Howey Gold Mines under option which was later dropped.

E. A. R. NEWSON, Barrister, who has been appointed to the Toronto Regional Board of Directors of the London & Western Trusts Company Limited.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

COMMON STOCK DIVIDEND

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of 25 cents per share has been declared on the no par value common Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited, payable March 31st, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on February 28th, 1945.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT, Secretary

February 21st, 1945.

CHARTERED TRUST AND EXECUTOR COMPANY

DIVIDEND

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1% has been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company for the quarter ending March 31st, 1945, and a bonus of 1% on the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company, payable April 2nd, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business March 15th, 1945.

By Order of the Board,

E. W. McNEILL, Secretary.

Dated at Toronto, January 25th, 1945.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 383

A dividend of 10c per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 31st day of March, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 3rd day of March, 1945.

DATED the 26th day of February, 1945.

P. C. FINLAY, Secretary.

The Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Company

ORGANIZED IN 1896

Admitted Assets - $4,382,095.84

Surplus 2,431,602.73

—Write for Financial Statement—

Head Office WAWANESA Man. — Eastern Office TORONTO Ont.

Branches at Vancouver, Saskatoon Winnipeg and Montreal

Cosmos Imperial Mills Limited

WITH a peacetime demand for the company's products and a strengthened financial position, Cosmos Imperial Mills Limited should enter the postwar period with good prospects. Serving many war and essential industries, the company has experienced active operations and indications are that this activity will continue for some months. On the cessation of hostilities, Cosmos Imperial Mills will be able to revert to normal operations to service a variety of industries. A competent textile engineering consultant has been engaged to make a survey of the mills, when conditions permit, looking to a rehabilitation program, and this will assure continued efficient and economical operations. The company has a favorable background of earnings and dividend distributions. Net working capital has been built up over a period of years to permit distribution of the larger portion of annual profits to shareholders. Securities outstanding senior to the common stock have been reduced by the retirement of the preferred shares and the maturing of serial bonds to increase the equity of the junior stock.

Net profit for the fiscal year ended December 31, 1944, exclusive of the refundable portion of the excess profits tax, amounted to $147,269 and was equal to $1.47 per share, compared with $156,452 and $1.56 a share for the previous year. Dividends and extras were paid in both years aggregating $1.35 per share. Earned surplus of $905,289 at the end of 1944 was an increase from $743,122 at December 31, 1939.

Consistent improvement has been reported annually in the company's net working capital, while at the same time senior indebtedness has been reduced. Net working capital of $1,768,492 at December 31, 1944, was up from $1,106,936 at December 31, 1939. In 1940 the 5% preferred stock, outstanding in an amount of $423,400, was redeemed and a portion of the funds required provided by an issue of $380,000 of 3% serial debentures. At December 31, 1944, the serial debentures had been reduced to $228,000, with the balance maturing annually 1945-1950, inclusive.

The company's authorized and issued capital consists of 100,000 common shares of no par value. Dividends are currently being paid at the quarterly rate of 30c per share, with year end extras of 15c per share paid for the past five years. An initial dividend of 17½c per share was paid on the common stock May 15, 1935, with an increase to 20c a share quarterly May 15, 1936. In 1937 the rate was increased to 25c quarterly and in 1939 to 30c quarterly. Extras of 25c a share were paid February 1938, 15c February 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945.

Cosmos Imperial Mills Limited was incorporated with a Dominion Charter in 1926 to acquire predecessors companies organized as far back as 1883. The company manufactures heavier grades of cotton duck, used for vessel sails, mechanical belting and hose, railway car and automobile roofing, binder canvasses, awnings, filters, and cotton paper dryers and drying felts for the newsprint industry, etc. Plants are located at Hamilton, Ontario, and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

	Price Ratio High	Price Ratio Low	Earned Per Share-a	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low	Dividend Per Share-b
1944	24	21½	$1.47	16.3	14.6	$1.35
1943	25	20	1.56	16.0	12.8	1.35
1942	23	18	2.07	11.1	8.7	1.35
1941	25	21¼	2.30	10.9	9.2	1.35
1940	31½	19⅞	1.94	16.3	10.2	1.20
1939	28	16⅞	1.92	14.6	8.8	1.05
Average 1939-1944				13.9	10.4	
Approximate current average				17.0		
Approximate current yield				5.4%		

a—All retained, exclusive refundable portion of E.P. Tax.
b—Including extras.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit	$ 147,269	$ 156,452	$ 207,039	$ 230,233	$ 210,346	$ 214,841
Earned Surplus	905,289	887,891	884,647	812,608	717,375	743,122
Current Assets	1,902,507	1,742,901	2,570,780	1,762,267	1,485,894	1,194,689
Current Liabilities	134,015	132,748	1,090,892	417,918	382,697	87,753
Net Working Capital	1,768,492	1,610,153	1,479,888	1,344,349	1,103,197	1,106,936
Cash	122,814	81,463	179,960	331,802	128,219	215,626
Investments	806,500	875,500	358,550	152,250	325,930	320,987

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For many reasons it may become necessary from time to time for investors to raise cash by selling part of their investment holdings. Experience has shown that it is sound policy to retain the strongest securities in the portfolio.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Taxation of Annuities and Annuity Settlements Under Life Policies

By GEORGE GILBERT

Holders of life insurance policies with monthly income settlement options as well as holders of annuity contracts have more than an academic interest in the matter of the taxation of annuities, now being made the subject of an investigation by a Royal Commission.

It is a fact, which should be recognized in our income tax law, that a part of every payment under an annuity, whether a term annuity or a life annuity, consists of a return of capital and to that extent should not be taxed as income.

THOSE who bought endowment insurance policies, say fifteen or twenty years ago, with the option of having the proceeds at maturity payable in the form of a monthly income for life, now find when they exercise this option that the entire amount of such monthly income is subject to income tax and not only that part which represents the interest element.

In a recent case, which finally came before the Supreme Court for decision last year, an insurance company had issued a 20-year endowment insurance contract whereby in consideration of the payment of an annual premium of $1,219.13 for twenty years it insured the life of the holder and promised to pay him a monthly income for life of $125 at the end of the endowment period of twenty years, if the insured were then alive, or, in the event of the death of the insured during the endowment period, to pay the income to the wife of the insured named as beneficiary in the policy.

At the end of the endowment period the insured had the option to take the commuted value of the policy in a lump sum upon its surrender or to receive the monthly income as promised in the policy. He chose the monthly income option when the policy matured, and payments of monthly income were made in 1940.

Exemption Claimed

In his income tax return for 1940, the insured claimed exemption under Sec. 5 (k) of the Income War tax Act, which grants exemptions in the case of income arising from an annuity contract entered into prior to June 25, 1940. The Commissioner of Income Tax disallowed the deduction and assessed the assured for income tax on the payments received by him, and this assessment was affirmed by the Minister of National Revenue.

An appeal was taken to the Exchequer Court of Canada, which held that the insured's contract when it was entered into was not an annuity contract within the meaning of Sec. 5 (k) of the Income War Tax Act. It was held that the exemption from income tax granted by Sec. 5 (k) of the Income War Tax Act in the case of an income arising from an annuity contract entered into prior to June 25, 1940, does not extend to the monthly income received under a life insurance endowment policy, where the insured, at the end of a specified endowment period and subject to the payment of a specified number of premiums, has the option of receiving the commuted value of the policy in a lump sum upon surrender of the policy or monthly income payments as stipulated in the policy.

On appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada the decision of the Exchequer Court was affirmed. (1944 S.C.R. 167). There is therefore no doubt that such endowment insurance policies, whether taken out before or since June 25, 1940, are subject to income tax on the full amount of the income and not only on the interest element.

It was in 1940 that the Income War Tax Act was amended so as to make life annuities taxable in full as income. While this is in accordance with the practice in the United Kingdom, where the view of the authorities has evidently been that the purchaser of such an annuity has parted with his capital in exchange for income, it does not make such tax legislation any the more just or equitable, as the fact is that a tax on that part of the income which represents a return of the principal sum amounts to a levy on capital.

Present Method Unjust

As pointed out in the excellent brief submitted to the Royal Commission on Taxation of Annuities and Family Corporations on January 24 by the Canadian Life Insurance Officers' Association, "a life annuity is really an insurance against the risk of outliving one's resources. The present method of taxing life annuities discourages people from attempting to protect themselves against this risk. The individual possessed of a moderate amount of savings upon which he or she must exist for the remainder of life is tempted rather to consume the capital little by little to supplement the income, and will take a chance of living too long and becoming destitute when savings have gone—often becoming a charge on the State. It is quite unjust that savings derived from taxable income should again become taxable income when used to purchase a contract providing a lifetime annuity."

It is also noted that practically all life insurance policies contain installment and annuity settlement options which are available instead of having the proceeds paid in a single sum, and that the present taxation situation "is particularly unfair when the proceeds of a life insurance policy are paid to a widow in the form of a life annuity rather than in a single sum which she might dissipate unwisely. She is exposed to both Dominion and Provincial succession duties on the policy proceeds, and is then subjected to income tax on the annual amounts paid to her under the annuity settlement. This situation is further aggravated by the fact that in many cases the widow has no option of taking the proceeds in a manner which would attract less tax."

Anyone acquainted with the elementary principles of life insurance and annuities knows that a portion of every payment under a life annuity or a term annuity consists of a return of part of the capital. To the extent that any annuity payment represents a return of capital it should certainly not be taxed as income. This fact is already recognized both in Canada and the United Kingdom in the taxation of annuities for a term certain, and there is no sound reason why it should not be recognized in the case of life annuities. It is recognized in the United States and Australia.

Interest Portion

As to the best method of determining the interest portion of each payment of a life annuity, the brief states that the Association has examined a number of methods of separating principal and interest in annuity payments, and its conclusion is that the most satisfactory one is that set forth by Mr. A. D. Watson, chief actuary of the Dominion Insurance Department, in a paper entitled "Income Tax on Annuity Payments," presented before the Actuarial Society of America in May, 1940. This method is the one now in effect in Canada in the tax treatment of annuities for a term certain.

Under this method, as pointed out, it is assumed "that an annuitant will live for a number of years represented by his expectation of life measured on an appropriate mortality table; that the amount of capital in each payment is the consideration for the annuity divided by such expectation; and that the remainder of each payment is, therefore, the interest or true income element which would be subject to tax."

Only one variation of "Watson's Method" seems desirable to the Association, which suggests that rather than treat the capital or consideration for a deferred annuity as the sum of premiums paid, the consideration should be taken as the equivalent cash value of the annuity when it commences, whether or not a cash value is available as an option. An exception to this suggested variation should be made, it is stated, in the case of a single premium "pure" deferred annuity, i.e., one which provides no return whatever at death during the period of deferment; for such a contract the consideration should be taken as the purchase price and the expectation as the number of years' payments to be expected as measured at the date of purchase.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I am interested in obtaining a report on the financial standing of the Federated Hardware Mutuals Fire Insurance Company. Is this an old-established company? Are all claims under its policies readily collectable and is it safe to insure with?

—E. C. S., Brockville, Ont.

Federated Hardware Mutuals is not the name of an insurance company but of an organization for the issue of a combination policy under which the liability is shared in equal parts by two United States mutual insurance companies—the Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, and the Mutual Implement and Hardware Insurance Co. of Owatonna, Minnesota. Both these companies are regularly licensed in Canada and have deposits with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. At Dec. 31, 1943, the latest date for which Government figures are available, the total assets in Canada of the Hardware Dealers Mutual were $521,155, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $260,080, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $261,075. Total assets in Canada of the Mutual Implement and Hardware were $472,252, and total liabilities here, $259,584, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $212,668. Both companies are safe to do business with and all claims are readily collectable. The Hardware Dealers was incorporated in 1903 and the Mutual Implement in 1904.

On quite a few islands of the South Pacific are airstrips like this, where Allied planes can be loaded up for bombing attacks on Jap positions.

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Randall Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
E. D. GOODERHAM, President
A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

THE
Dominion of Canada
General
Insurance Company

1944 A SUCCESSFUL YEAR

TOTAL INCOME (Net)	$2,249,537.09
ASSETS	7,309,692.46
RESERVES and all Liabilities	5,179,213.15
CAPITAL STOCK (Paid Up)	1,005,300.00
SURPLUS	1,121,528.16
SURPLUS SECURITY (To Policyholders)	2,126,828.16

E. D. GOODERHAM, President
H. W. FALCONER, Vice-President and Managing Director
J. CECIL STUART, General Superintendent

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NEWS OF THE MINES

Eastern End of Quebec Gold Belt Likely to Make New Producers

By JOHN M. GRANT

HIGHLIGHTING the mining scene at the moment is the activity in the extreme eastern section of the 120-mile gold belt which runs through northwestern Quebec from the Ontario boundary. Holding the centre of the stage are Louvicourt, Vauquelin, Pershing and Villebon townships, where current activity exceeds that of any other area of like size in the Dominion and is about fifty per cent greater than that evidenced in any other Quebec camp last year. Unprecedented diamond drilling has been carried out in the past year in Quebec as a consequence of which many new gold producers appear assured and the present excitement to the east of the Siscoe-Lamaque area has opened up possibilities for additional mines.

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A year ago it was pointed out in this column that no previous year held so much promise for the northwestern section of Quebec. Today the statement applies with equal emphasis to 1945. While at that time the townships of Bourlamaque, Louvicourt and Vauquelin were reported almost staked solid the drilling and exploration since has been most intensive in Bourlamaque and Louvicourt, but Vauquelin township, immediately east of Louvicourt, is only now again attaining the spotlight following a flurry of activity last summer. The latest burst of fireworks in the four eastern townships is largely attributable to the rich diamond drill intersections on the Bevcourt and Regcourt properties in Louvicourt and Vauquelin townships. Companies are being formed daily, new deals being quickly consummated and drilling campaigns laid out.

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In addition to the impressive drill results secured by Bevcourt and Regcourt, the success which has attended exploratory efforts of Louvicourt Goldfields in Louvicourt township and Croinor in Pershing township, has assisted in focussing attention on that area. The Dog's Lake section of Villebon is also in the limelight following a discovery on the property of Cooper Lake Gold Mines which yielded high assays. Already in Louvicourt a couple of new mines appear reasonably assured and in Pershing township at least one, but recent drilling results, in the opinion of mining men active in the area, have opened up possibilities for at least a couple more.

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Three excellent diamond drill intersections have been secured from Bevcourt Gold Mines and Regcourt Mines, two from the former and one from the latter, three miles distant. The two holes at Bevcourt were 500 feet apart, the most westerly hole giving over $43 for one foot and better than $19 for slightly over 10 feet. The other hole to the east, gave 12.4 feet running $12.66 in a section of 37.5 feet averaging $5.28, and further on four feet averaging $35.40. The Regcourt find is on the Vauquelin section of the property. God's Lake, Nipissing, International Mining and an Ottawa group each have a 25% interest in the financing of Bevcourt. A 75% financing interest in Regcourt is held by God's Lake. On the Madison property to the west of Bevcourt a financing deal has been made by Buffalo Canadian, and numerous other deals are being negotiated or have been completed.

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Some 18 diamond drills are now reported active in Louvicourt township including Louvicourt Goldfields, Obaska Lake, Frobisher, Dome Exploration, Val d'Oro, Lapaska, Crosscourt, Orcour, Regcourt, Bevcourt and Starlight. New work is planned for the Vicour property. Recent drilling at Louvicourt Goldfields where several gold-bearing zones have been revealed has considerably improved possibilities for a profitable gold mine. Croinor Pershing in Pershing township also holds promise of becoming another producer. A commercial oreshoot 800 feet long averaging approximately $10 across 10 feet has been indicated by drilling. Large tonnage possibilities are suggested by diamond drilling at Obaska Lake. In the Dog's Lake section of Villebon township, Bobjo Mines has acquired an 85% interest in two contiguous groups adjoining Cooper Lake Gold Mines.

With its main shaft completed to a depth of 1,900 feet Madsen Red Lake has arranged a further contract to drive crosscuts on the four new levels and carry out the necessary drifting to develop its principal orebodies. Further sinking at Madsen will necessitate an underground hoist and an internal shaft at a point some distance to the northeast of the present opening. Tonnage was reduced four months ago from 400 to 300 tons per day and the reduction was apparent in the figures for the final quarter. Production for the full year was above 1943 and while ore reserves declined profits should be about the same.

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Shares of Homer Yellowknife Mines have been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. Some 32 claims are held in the Yellowknife area on which diamond drilling is planned. The company is capitalized at 3,000,000 shares of which 2,060,005 are issued, including 1,060,000 issued for properties and 1,000,005 sold for $125,000 cash. Options are outstanding on 500,000 shares at 20 cents for 200,000, 25 cents for a like number and 35 cents for the remaining 100,000. S. A. Perry is president.

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Deep diamond drilling is planned by Eldona Gold Mines on its property adjoining Donalda Mines, to test a theory that deep-seated orebodies may occur within the boundaries of the claims. This theory is based on a detailed geological study of the area north of Noranda by Hans Lundberg and his engineers. Considerable diamond drilling to shallow depth has been completed and this is said to have confirmed the conclusions from the geophysical surveys.

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Canadian Malartic Gold Mines in 1944 milled 334,575 tons of ore for a gross production of $1,408,026 or $4.21 per ton, as compared with recovery of $1,254,229, $3.88 per ton from 323,697 tons treated in the previous 12 months. Earnings after taxes, but before depreciation, were $272,084 and $247,739, respectively. Final quarter earnings were sharply higher due largely to treatment of ore from sections where values were about the general average of ore reserves.

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Control of the Pan-Canadian properties adjoining to the northwest has been acquired by West Malartic Mines to protect extension of its ore zone. The acquisition of the Pan-Canadian ground adds three miles of potential ground on strike of its ore zone. Control of the additional claims is held by virtue of a two-thirds interest in a newly formed company known as West Malartic Extension Mines and plans call for an early commencement of diamond drilling on the new ground to tie up with the drilling on the West Malartic property. At the latter mine production is being maintained at around 240 tons per day while the shaft is being deepened.

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Canadian Industrial Minerals, almost wholly owned by Springer Sturgeon Gold Mines, which owns and operates large barite deposits in Nova Scotia, reports a jump of approximately 400 per cent in 1944 shipments over the previous year. Last year was the first to include a full 12 months operations and sales were valued at over $1,000,000 compared with a little over $260,000 for the previous year. It was recently reported that Adams Express, one of the largest sources of investment capital across the border, had purchased 100,000 shares of Springer Sturgeon Gold Mines.

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In declaring a quarterly dividend of three cents per share payable on March 15, Macassa Mines Limited, in the Kirkland Lake camp, has further reduced the rate of payment. The two previous payments were four cents a share and 18 cents was distributed in 1944. With payment of the March dividend distributions since the initial return in 1935 will have amounted to approximately $6,888,525. Macassa was unable during the last half of 1944 to maintain production due to lack of manpower, and while ore reserves may have increased slightly in tonnage they are likely to be down in grade.

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By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 21st, 1945.

TEXTILE DOMINION CO. LTD.

Dominion Textile Co.

Limited

Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three-Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st March, 1945, payable 16th April, 1945, to shareholders of record 15th March, 1945.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 21st, 1945.

★ ***Repeat Business***

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48th ANNUAL REPORT

1944 A YEAR OF OUTSTANDING PROGRESS

The year's record of continued progress and stability is high-lighted in the following extracts from the forty-eighth Annual Statement. The Company has made substantial gains in every department and is in a strong financial position.

Increase in Trust Assets under Administration from $41,966,138 to - - $43,753,390

Increased Earnings, from $ 58,663 to - - $ 73,787

Increase in Guaranteed Funds, from $ 2,892,391 to - - $ 3,031,684

Increase in Shareholders Reserve, from $ 300,000 to - - $ 400,000

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Vancouver's "Pioneers" Are Doing Their Bit to Boost Population

By P. W. LUCE

PIONEERS of Vancouver are men or women who were living in the city in 1900, according to a ruling of Canada's foremost organization of old-timers. Citizens of less than forty-five years' standing are not eligible for membership in the Vancouver Pioneers' Association, unless they are sons or daughters of accredited early settlers.

This concession has been made so that the group may continue to flourish for an indefinite period. In another thirty years the privilege may be extended to grandsons and granddaughters.

The present membership of 333 is naturally well advanced in years. Its interests are chiefly in the past.

The activities of the association include caring for pioneers in need, holding an annual picnic, having an annual dinner followed by old-time dances, and meetings fairly frequently to talk of the good old days.

Pioneer Societies are distinctly a product of the west, with Alberta and British Columbia taking them very seriously. There is nothing comparable in the east, except possibly the United Empire Loyalists, and this is more of an historical than an old-timer group. Their conversations begin with "My great-grandfather. . ." while the Pioneer opening gambit is invariably "I remember when. . ."

Another western species, also unknown east of the prairies, is the Native Sons, and its sister organization, the Native Daughters. Being younger, they are more active than the Pioneers. They do good work in keeping alive the traditions of yesterday and they choose a Good Citizen for various centres every fall. They suggest appropriate place-names for new localities (a pity they were not on the job fifty years ago) and they co-operate with the Historic Sites Association in erecting cairns at appropriate places.

They delegate B. A. MacKelvie to address service clubs on the achievements of their forefathers. They increase and multiply at a satisfactory rate, and it is largely as a result of their efforts that Vancouver now has over 300,000 inhabitants, Victoria has over 51,000, and New Westminster more than 23,500, an increase of from eight to ten per cent. in two years.

Newcomers also are doing their bit to swell the population of British Columbia. Their influx has been steady for several years, and experts say the movement westward will continue for a long time to come.

Caught in the path of war, this Belgian home was torn by shells from the guns on both sides. The children, but not the mother, appear to have forgotten the terrifying experience.

Vancouver to Double

According to J. E. Walker, secretary of the Vancouver Town Planning Commission, Greater Vancouver will have a population of 650,000 by 1971. This is more than double the present figure, 50,000 more. It means an average increase of 13,000 a year. It is going to be a bit of a problem to find space for these new citizens, but it can be done by extending traffic facilities and utilizing waste land in Burnaby, between Vancouver and New Westminster.

In a comprehensive report, Mr. Walker points out that eighteen per cent of the houses in Vancouver are in bad condition, though these "bad conditions" compare favorably with those of other cities. For instance, in Vancouver 75% of the citizens have a house to themselves. In Montreal only 8% enjoy this privilege.

Fifty-one per cent of Vancouver's residents own their own homes, by far the highest percentage in Canada.

Vancouver's working men must do some careful budgeting before they can finance a home. More than thirty per cent of them earn less than $1,000 a year.

Apples in Water a Flop

The first attempt to use the cold water of Okanagan Lake as a refrigeration storage for surplus apples has proved a total failure. Fish were partly to blame.

Last fall, when cull apples were far in excess of the capacity of the processing plants, someone evolved the bright idea of dumping the fruit inside a huge net extending from the wharf into the lake, where it was hoped they would remain in good condition for months. About 200 tons were dumped in.

In theory, the apples should have stayed at the bottom. Instead, being somewhat over-ripe, they floated to the surface and bloated. Tens of thousands of rotten apples made rather a dismal picture.

To make matters worse, Okanagan carp like apples. These fish cut through the retaining nets, and large quantities of the submerged fruit drifted away through the holes.

Tests of apples which were still in good condition after four months showed the juicing qualities had not been retained. The experiment has been written off as a failure, but not as a loss. The apples could not have been saved in any case.

It is expected most of this year's culls will be manufactured into apple juice, as the plant capacity is being enlarged. A pectin factory may be opened to utilize crabapples, thinnings, and pomace from juice plants.

Dagger to Montgomery

George Bernard, of Parksville, Vancouver Island, has made a dagger now in the possession of Field Marshal Montgomery, who promises to carry it on his person when he enters Berlin with his victorious troops. The handle is of Burmese wood, the ivory of a long-extinct Alaska mammal, and part of a whale's jawbone. It was sent to General Montgomery by the Parksville Red Cross, which last fall realized $1,500 by the sale of Montgomery's christening mug.

Nisei Education Costly

Prairie communities where Japanese students are attending high school need expect no financial aid from the B.C. Security Commission, the body which is charged with the administration of affairs of enemy aliens. Portage la Prairie, which has several Nisei absorbing knowledge at its institutions, has been informed it must foot its own bill, not send it to the coast.

The higher education of the Japanese at public expense has been the subject of considerable discussion ever since the evacuation shortly after Pearl Harbor. Broadly speaking, the Commission has ruled that it is responsible for educating Japanese only up to Grade VIII. After that it is up to the individual, or the municipality in which he is temporarily resident.

Education expenses run into large amounts. The *New Canadian*, the official organ of the deported Japanese, says that 241 Neisei are attending school in Lethbridge, Alta., and that their tuition fees of $65 each are being paid by the B.C. provincial government, with the help of a federal grant. This comes to $15,665 for the year.

In addition, Lethbridge has 47 Japanese boys and girls in high school, each of whom pays a fee of $7 a month.

Coaldale and a few other centres where there are only a few Japanese permit their attendance at high school without charging fees.

Bylaw Threatens "Bratting"

Vancouver now has a full-time probation officer whose duty it is to enforce a bylaw which prohibits children under sixteen from being on the streets unaccompanied after nine o'clock at night. The appointment was made after the Local Council of Women, representing 84 organizations, had urged the strict enforcement of the bylaw, which had been a dead letter ever since its enactment.

Glen E. Braden, member of the B.C. Legislature for Peace River, has advocated a law to keep parents at home evenings to look after their children.

Practical observers believe this law and the Vancouver curfew would be equally effective.

A large number of young 'teenagers are highly indignant at the suggestion that they have no business on the streets after 9 p.m. They are the girls who earn pocket money by taking care of babies and small children while the parents are out, and whose evening work frequently keeps them busy until eleven o'clock. In the irreverent language of the bobby-sockers, this business is known as "Bratting", an expression which merits a place in the dictionary of slang.

Terms for bratting are standardized at 75 cents an evening, with 25 cents an hour after midnight, and safe conduct home if advisable. The rate is considered reasonable; in Spokane it is 50 cents an hour, with a ride home in the family car or a taxi.

Chinese Tell Chiang

The *Chinese Times*, of Vancouver, and nine other Chinese-language newspapers on this continent, have cabled the Kuomintang government asking that it immediately announce the end of its one-party dictatorship, and organize a national coalition government. Demands are also made for freedom of speech, a peoples' assembly to draft a constitution, and a cessation of the "squeeze" by which generals and leaders enrich themselves by impoverishing the public.

In forthright language the resolution says:

"Our society has been artificially redivided into two new classes—the poverty-stricken people and the government officials who prey on them. Callous and corrupt officials, fattening in greed, ignore the countless refugees and the homeless who face hunger and starvation . . . The victory of the United Nations is dependent upon the immediate improvement and readjustment of the political situation in China."

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